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IRELAND.

MR. BUTT has never been thought deficient in audacity; but his admirers will have been inspired with additional enthusiasm for his character by some portions of his speech at Glasgow. "No more conventional etiquette," he said, "should prevent him from doing justice to his conscience" with reference to the trial and verdict which shocked England and Ireland, and which have astonished foreigners. The jurymen, according to Mr. BUTT, found honestly and according to law, and he adds that the verdict was a right one. Some laymen may perhaps doubt whether, in the conduct of the defence, Mr. BUTT did not overstep the boundaries of the license which is accorded to professional advocates. At Glasgow he had not even the wretched excuse of a retainer for vindicating the impunity of murder. To a mob which assembled to congratulate the counsel for the acquitted prisoner Mr. BUTT announced that they had gained a great constitutional victory; but he reminded them that he had still, in the case of the proprietor of the *Irishman*, to assert the liberty of the press. The inventor and principal promoter of the Home Rule agitation is accordingly committed to the proposition that it is lawful to assassinate a detective policeman who may be regarded by a disaffected populace as a spy; and he is also ready to maintain that newspaper writers may legitimately defend such acts, even when they are under the consideration of the competent tribunal. The vacillation of the Judges enabled Mr. BUTT to introduce into the trial the irrelevant issue of the greater or less skill displayed by the surgeon who, to the best of his judgment, treated the fatal wound. During the progress of the case Mr. BUTT asserted that the chief medical witness ought to have been indicted for manslaughter, rather than the man who discharged a bullet into the head of the victim for the crime of murder. The liberty of the press, of which Mr. BUTT avowed himself the champion, seems to have extended to an expression of regret that the murderer had not further succeeded in the attempt to kill two policemen who prevented his escape. There is always a certain advantage to be gained by a bold disclaimer or defiance of the plainest rules of morality. When the London Council of the International Association deliberately defended the massacre of the Archbishop of PARIS and his companions, they probably seemed to their adherents to have transferred an acknowledged outrage on humanity into the sphere of political controversy. Sounder moralists will scarcely find their convictions disturbed by the violence of disputants who undertake to traverse the Decalogue. If the guilt of murder attaches not to the assailant who inflicts a dangerous wound, but to the medical practitioner who fails to cure it, and if in a civilized community moral disapprobation and political enmity justify wilful homicide, Mr. BUTT was authorised to declare that the verdict of the Dublin jury was right. He was perfectly aware that the rabble before which he boasted of a constitutional victory would have been indifferent to the result of the trial if it had not been fully convinced that the prisoner was guilty. That a lawyer of experience and ability should in public express approval of the negation of all law, is, even in the miserable history of Irish agitation, an exceptional and melancholy episode.

The "message of peace" which Mr. BUTT professes to bring from Ireland to England may be interpreted with the aid of the moral and legal doctrines which he propounds on the murder of TALBOT. It is perhaps, amongst other objects, to secure the formal adoption of the principles which have unfortunately influenced the Dublin verdict, that Ireland is to be detached from the United Kingdom. Mr. BUTT, with a just confidence in the ignorance of his Glasgow hearers, assured

them that "the Irish were living under a code of laws that had not its parallel even in those times of despotism when the STUARTS attempted to trample under foot the liberties of the people." "Certainly there is no Government anything like it existing at present in any European State." As an instance of the tyranny of the Irish Government, he stated that firearms cannot be carried without the permission of the authorities. He might have added that the law is happily often evaded or disregarded, as in the case of the assassin who murdered one police constable, and who, if the wishes of the *Irishman* had been consulted, would have added two more murders to his list of crimes. In spite of the mild provisions of the Act of 1870, the liberty or license of the rebellious press in Ireland exceeds that which is tolerated in any other part of Europe; and it is absurd to pretend that any peaceable Irish subject is subjected to interference or coercion. Notwithstanding the loose declamation of demagogues, it is the first duty of a Government to protect the innocent from lawless oppression; and the great majority of Irish members approved of the Act of last Session for the suppression of the anarchical tyranny which prevailed in Westmeath. Mr. BUTT, indeed, admitted that the turbulence of a part of the population caused the enactment of coercive laws; but he added that the turbulence itself was owing to bad laws, and that thus the vicious circle of crime and repression was constantly reproduced. The defects of the law which induce conspirators in Westmeath and elsewhere to decide by the bludgeon or the bullet all questions of tenure, of wages, and of contract, could not have been conveniently defined; and it must be assumed that Mr. BUTT's Irish Parliament would not at once confiscate all property and abolish all the laws which have been adopted by civilized communities. A code to which the verdict of the Dublin jury should conform would be a curiosity in legislation. Those who study Mr. BUTT's speeches will find that he consistently declines to specify the evils which would be removed by the separation of Ireland from the Empire, or even by its withdrawal from the control of the Imperial Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE's comments on one of his grievances have convinced him of the imprudence of attributing to English oppression the depressed state of the Irish Fisheries. In the Church Act and in the Land Act he discerns traces of English prejudice, consisting perhaps in the recognition that landowners had after all some interest in their lands.

During the debates of the Irish Parliament on the Bill of Union many orators described in glowing language the material prosperity which had followed the establishment of Irish independence in 1782. It is probable that Ireland may to some extent have shared in the rapid progress of the Empire, although the rebellion of 1798 must have more than counterbalanced any improvement in the condition of the country. In 1785 GRATTAN and the other leaders of the popular party defeated, at the instigation of FOX and SHERIDAN, PITT's enlightened proposal for removing the obstacles to trade between England and Ireland; and some of Mr. BUTT's allies in the present agitation have already proposed to encourage Irish industry by the taxation of imports from England. It is well known that Ireland is at the present moment in the enjoyment of unprecedented prosperity; and, although Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE's speech at Bristol may perhaps have been too sanguine, the increase of wealth which he described is rapid and constant. The most thriving and intelligent part of the Irish population is irreconcilably opposed to the project of Home Rule, although one Protestant clergyman is silly enough to court notoriety by taking part in Mr. BUTT's agitation. The Presbyterians of the North, the Episcopalians, and the gentry of all persuasions, are well aware that Home Rule would involve either the establishment

of a Fenian Republic or of an intolerant priesthood; nor is there any doubt that, if England were to abandon Ireland tomorrow, the first result of independence would be civil war. It is not worth while to inquire into the evidence for some of Mr. BUTT's extraordinary statements. Those who think fit to rely on Mr. BUTT's authority may believe if they please that during the Lord-Lieutenancy of the late Lord BESSBOROUGH, the English Government, over which Lord JOHN RUSSELL then presided, proposed to O'CONNELL the repeal of the Union and the establishment of a system of Federation. "If that be so," it is, as Mr. BUTT observes, "a very remarkable fact in the 'history of Ireland.'" He thinks it unnecessary to explain why O'CONNELL declined a proposal which would have conceded all his demands. An historical figment is less mischievous and less culpable than a flagrantly immoral proposition. It is conceivable, though it is not true, that an English Minister may have offered to repeal the Union; but no arguments could satisfy any reasonable or conscientious man that the verdict of the Dublin jury was consistent with fact or with law.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

MR. DISRAELI has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow by an unusually triumphant majority. All the nations, as the divisions of the students are called, voted in his favour, and it is said to be thirty years since such unanimity was displayed. Whether politics determined the result or not, it is one that may be welcomed by men of all parties. The Liberals of Glasgow, for some inexplicable reason, started Mr. RUSKIN as their candidate; and those who were asked to vote for him must have been equally at a loss to know why he should be preferred to Mr. DISRAELI, and why he should be considered a Liberal. Mr. RUSKIN's political opinions, so far as he has ever revealed them, are a curious medley of theoretical and communistic crudities, and are as far removed from the ordinary Liberal creed as those of any man that could be named. Mr. DISRAELI, on the contrary, is a Conservative against whom many Liberals would feel disinclined to vote when the question was simply that of finding a representative of a seat of literature and learning. Such honours as he has won, or as can now be offered to him, are fairly his due as a Parliamentary leader; and if he is supposed to have been elected at Glasgow because he is the head of the Conservative party, he certainly exhibits a type of Conservatism that raises him intellectually far above his fellows. He alone among his Conservative colleagues speaks when he chooses to speak with originality, freshness, and vigour. What he says is often far-fetched, whimsical, or even absurd; but it at least bears the impress of a mind that has set itself to look on political life from a point of view that is its own, and that is never narrow or technical. With much eccentricity of thought, and with a fondness both for paradoxes and pompous truisms, Mr. DISRAELI, however, frequently unites a remarkable amount of good sense in action. He knows when to oppose and when to cease from opposing, and, above all, he so conducts his party as to make it possible that Parliamentary life should go on. He is too little in sympathy with his followers to be very popular with them, and his leadership would on several occasions have come to an end had it not been that the higher men of the party appreciate the services he rendered to his followers by widening their views and discountenancing abortive faction fights. He has been the subject of plenty of criticism in his time, and much of this criticism has certainly been amply deserved; but if the Rector of a University is to be chosen on political grounds, the issue between him and Mr. RUSKIN seems a ludicrous one; and as no other choice was offered them, the students of Glasgow wisely saved themselves from the reproach of making a palpable mistake.

Mr. DISRAELI is the oracle of the Conservative party, and, like most oracles, is not in the habit of speaking too often. As he said to a deputation from Lancashire in the spring, he would not then accept their invitation to attend a great local gathering because the right time had not come. When it has come, he will find some occasion for informing his friends what they ought to think. Meanwhile Conservative gatherings are held, and Conservative leaders of greater or less brilliancy attend them. The party must be kept together, the heads of the party must show themselves, and preparations for electioneering must be made. But when we read the speeches of Conservative leaders at these meetings, or of Conservative candidates at the elections which from time to time take place, we find no footing on which the weary mind can repose. It is all a waste of waters. We cannot see what

they think, or why they think it, or to what objects they attach importance, or what they propose to do in order to effect any of the objects they have at heart. There has, for example, been a great gathering of Conservatives at Bristol this week, at which the Duke of BEAUFORT, Sir GEORGE JENKINSON, Lord JOHN MANNERS, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were present. They do not deserve, perhaps, to be taken as the highest representatives of their party, but two of them have been Cabinet Ministers, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has earned general respect as a useful, business-like official, and a man of sense and moderation. What had such a man got to say that might furnish some matter to the political thought of the country? His principal subject of comment was the ill-advised proposal that Parliament should meet in November instead of February. Of this proposal Mr. DISRAELI was the chief supporter; and all that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE contributed to the enlightenment of his audience and the public was a statement of the reasons, sensible enough in themselves, why he objected to the suggestion of a tiny change in Parliamentary habits made by the chief of the Ministry under which he had served. The minor speakers poured plenty of abuse on Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir CHARLES DILKE; but this, however legitimate, was very easy work. Conservatives are quite right in dwelling on the mistakes and follies of their opponents; but still there was nothing new or valuable in hearing once more that Mr. GLADSTONE had quoted from a very objectionable book, and that Sir CHARLES DILKE had attacked in the coarsest manner the benefactress of his family. What we ask for in the speeches of political leaders is some clue to what they think should be done in regard to questions of practical moment; and we scarcely ever find a Conservative speaker who has any notion that to give such a clue is a part of his business. The only two notions the ordinary Conservative has of politics are to abuse the Liberals and to attend to the elections. Lord JOHN MANNERS came out once more in his old character of the aristocratic friend of the working classes. Having first explained that "the SOMERSET blood ran in his veins," he proceeded to enumerate the years in which, according to him, measures specially favourable to the working classes had been passed through the instrumentality of the Conservative party. But he had nothing whatever to propose for the future. He did not throw the slightest light on the benefits he would offer to his humble friends if he were in power. He had nothing to say with which any one could agree or disagree, or which could be of the slightest value to any one. What he seemed to be saying to the working classes simply came to this:—We Conservatives are your real friends and are very fond of you, and will do great things for you; but you must love us in return, and then, when we are sure you are as fond of us as we are of you, we will tell you what we will do for you. The working-class man of real life, apart from political romance, is mostly a rough, bewildered, ignorant sort of person; but he has heard of such a thing as buying a pig in a poke, and knows that it is not considered at all a smart way of bargaining.

The Ballot is a good instance of a subject on which, if they could speak on anything, Conservatives might be expected to speak to advantage at the present crisis. The Bill of last Session was rejected by the Lords expressly in order to give time to every one for further consideration as to the expediency of a very considerable constitutional change. Mr. DISRAELI pronounced the Ballot to be a corpse, an utterly dead invention, not fit to have any place in live politics at all. The Conservative party opposed it as a dangerous innovation; and accused Mr. GLADSTONE of the two inconsistent crimes of introducing a measure to which the constituencies were utterly indifferent, and of introducing a measure so popular with the constituencies as to be a tempting means of resuscitating his disorganized party. Whether the country cares little about the Ballot or very much, the recess would, it might have been expected, have been employed by the Conservatives as a supreme occasion of enlightening their countrymen as to the dangers which the adoption of the Ballot will involve. But the speakers at Bristol had nothing to say about the Ballot. The Duke of BEAUFORT affirmed that if it was a good Bill they would pass it, but that if it was a bad Bill they would reject it, if necessary, twenty times. A peer who could talk in this way must have been metaphorically what Mr. GLADSTONE once called "up in a balloon." He had no reasonable grounds to give for thinking the Ballot good or bad; and as to the House of Lords, all he could say was that, if it perished, it would perish with honour. This was very poor stuff even from the Conservative point of view. What is wanted is not to enable

the Lords to perish with honour, which is not a very difficult thing to achieve, as all it requires is a sufficient stock of narrow-minded obstinacy, but to enable them to survive with honour, which is a task demanding thought, and tact, and statesmanship. Lord JOHN MANNERS could only say that he was not going to enter into the question of the Ballot, but that every election that had taken place lately had shown that the people were indifferent to it. This happened to be a most unfortunate remark, being made when it was made. Two elections are pending this week, at Dover and Plymouth; in both constituencies a Conservative is provoking as keen a contest as he possibly can, and at both places the Conservative candidate has pronounced himself in favour of the Ballot. The Conservatives have no opinions of their own, and are always conserving, not the institution that is being attacked, but that which is some day going to be attacked. They give up open voting at present, and employ themselves in rallying round the House of Lords. When the time comes for the House of Lords to be reformed, and it is discovered that the constituencies are not satisfied with the present state of things, Conservative leaders will, we suppose, decline to enter into that question, and they and their candidates will rally round the Established Church, until its turn comes, and then their rallying point will be shifted a little further off. For electioneering purposes this is often, it must be allowed, not a bad way of managing matters. If the Conservative agrees with his opponent on the main question of immediate public interest, the room is cleared for getting the contest decided on some tiny local or social grounds, and then the electioneering pertinacity of the Conservatives may hope to be rewarded. At Dover one of the principal points, if not the principal point, on which the adversary of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL grounds his opposition is that that distinguished person is not in the state of mind that could be wished as to the claims of the Dover pilots. At Plymouth the Conservatives appear to have allied themselves with beer, and nothing could better show their practical wisdom. But even if they won both elections, they would have done nothing to solve the dark question what political opinions their party really entertains, and what practical contributions to the welfare of the country it has really to propose.

PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.

M. THIERS showed no love for the so-called Decentralization Bill when it was passing through the Assembly, and he has not thought it necessary to pretend to any greater affection for it now that it has become law. Perhaps the authors of the measure had no very clear idea what part they meant the Departmental Councils to play; but at all events they can hardly be satisfied with the part assigned to them at present. The PRESIDENT of the Republic deals with the expression of local opinion in a thoroughly Imperial manner. He makes no distinction between wishes and acts. A resolution unfavourable to his policy is treated as though it were the immediate prelude to an insurrection. Considering the generally conservative character of the Departmental Councils, it seems unnecessary to put them down in so summary a manner. Even if a department here and there does wish for a dissolution, the expression of the desire only serves to bring out the general contentment of these bodies with the Assembly which Providence has provided for them. Or, supposing that the cry for a new election should prove more generally popular than it seems to be, M. THIERS is scarcely well advised in determining to shut his ears to it. The peculiar circumstances under which the present Assembly was elected do serve to deprive it of some part, even though it may be a small one, of its authority as a representative body; and it might have been expected that the PRESIDENT of the Republic would have welcomed any subsidiary means that presented itself of testing the feeling of the country. In this case, however, M. THIERS appears to have let his dislike to the thought of dissolution get the better of his ordinary prudence. He is not, it is true, without good grounds for his objection. A general election might be fatal to his personal authority, and it would almost certainly lead to premature attempts to determine the form of government. So long as the present Assembly sits, M. THIERS's post is secured to him in virtue of the vote of last Session; but a new Assembly might bring new men to the front, or increase the number of those who wish to see the Duke of AUMALE the first President of the permanent Republic. So long, again, as the present Assembly sits, its assumption of constituent powers is likely to remain a mere boast. The majority of the Deputies are probably quite will-

ing to put off the day which shall see the truce that has reigned since last May come to an end, and the rival parties openly arrayed against one another. But neither ambition nor patriotism supplies an adequate reason for stifling the expression of public opinion. A wise general will wish to know how the battle is going, however much he may dislike the particular direction it is taking. If the French people have really set their hearts on a dissolution—a fact of which there is as yet no evidence—they will not be turned from their purpose by any amount of incivility to the Departmental Councils. If they have not set their hearts on it, nothing is more likely to create such a wish than to see it rudely denied a voice.

It is unfortunate that M. THIERS should show such open distrust of French opinion. A despotic ruler may do this and no harm come of it; but when the President of a Republic takes this line, the matter becomes more serious. M. THIERS is nothing if he is not popular, and he loses half the advantages of popularity by seeming not to believe that he possesses it. It would be better that he should tell the French nation frankly why he thinks it good for them to postpone the definite settlement of the Constitution than that he should be constantly scheming to indoctrinate them insensibly with this conviction. It is hardly credible that if the PRESIDENT of the Republic were to announce that, until the indemnity is paid and the German troops sent home, he will be no party to an attempt to replace the present Assembly by a new one, or to any legislation by the existing Assembly except such as tends directly or indirectly to hasten the attainment of these objects, the intimation would not find acceptance from reasonable men of all parties. The ground of the distrust in M. THIERS—we believe the unfounded distrust—which is felt, at all events to some considerable extent in France, is the fear that he is plotting for or against a monarchical form of government. The Republican party, as represented by M. GAMBETTA, are displeased that he yields so much to the Assembly; the Monarchical party are displeased that he lays so much stress on the importance of maintaining the Republic at present. A frank avowal that he holds his power for other ends than those attributed to him by either of these sections of French opinion, and that his influence, so far as he has any, will be directed towards relegating all such questions to the judgment of a future Assembly, to be elected when French territory is clear of foreign troops, would disarm some suspicions and help to defer much useless speculation. No doubt such a declaration would be extremely distasteful to the Assembly. But the Assembly has often enough shown its dislike to something M. THIERS has said, and ended by obeying orders with commendable docility. If M. THIERS's official existence is bound up with theirs, their own Parliamentary existence is not less bound up with his. The habit of submission to authority has not died out in France, and the authority that is respected there is always that of the Executive. A proclamation from the PRESIDENT dissolving the present Assembly, and ordering elections for a new one, would probably be received with almost unquestioning obedience throughout the country; and in the present provisional state of affairs, it would argue an over-rigid adherence to constitutional forms to condemn an expedient the object of which was to make the Legislature really representative. The dread of an immediate dissolution by a *coup d'état* might avail to mitigate the opposition to a future dissolution dependent on the accomplishment of certain defined ends.

In the absence of information as to the nature of the work which the Government will mark out for the Assembly when it returns to Versailles, there is naturally abundance of conjecture. According to one rumour, the way to a general election is to be prepared by a limitation of universal suffrage; according to another, a dissolution is to be avoided by the expedient of renewing a third part of the Deputies every third year. Both schemes probably embody the views of a large number of French Conservatives, and both are infected by that short-sighted timidity which is the characteristic vice of the class. Before France can be made different from what she is, those who undertake to reform her must have learned to govern her as she is. It is just conceivable that a people may get so disgusted with the working of universal suffrage as to abandon the right of voting to those who are the best fitted to exercise it. But until this miraculous conversion has been wrought, the most democratic nation in Europe is not likely to sit quiet under an attempt to limit electoral privileges. Such a Reform Bill as this would at once place its authors in a humiliating contrast even with NAPOLEON III. The wish to legislate by an Assembly returned by a smaller number of electors than

now would be universally taken as an admission that the legislation contemplated was not meant to be palatable to the electors it was proposed to disfranchise. The idea of renewing the Assembly by partial elections is suggested by similar fears. Having a Conservative Legislature to start with, such an expedient would ensure a Conservative majority for another year, and perhaps, by some skilful readjustment of the electoral districts, for some time longer. It has even been supposed that the proposal would not be distasteful to the PRESIDENT himself, as avoiding the dissolution which must set a term to his present lease of power. M. THIERS has had too much Parliamentary experience to make him a likely victim of so singular a delusion.

All these fancies yield, however, in immediate interest to the inquiry whether the Princes of ORLEANS intend to appear in the Assembly after the recess, and whether their right to do so will be recognised by the Government. It is difficult to see what plea can possibly be set up for keeping them any longer out of the seats their constituents have conferred upon them. The form of the Government has now been provisionally determined, and any objections there might have been to the presence of members of the Royal House, so long as there was no authority to control them except that of a temporary Chief of the Executive, must be held to have disappeared with the advent to power of a President of the Republic. It is the fashion with the Republican party to speak of the Princes of ORLEANS as though their one employment were to conspire to bring about a restoration. If so, they have certainly mastered to perfection the art of concealment. The only one of them who can in any sense be regarded as a Pretender has studiously abstained from putting himself before the public, and any reputation gained in the Assembly by his uncles will make against rather than for the hereditary principle. If the French people elect to forego the services of an eminently capable family at a time when capable men are rare, from any such fears as this, they must be credited with singular ingenuity in having evoked an ORLEANS spectre from the misty chambers of their own diseased imagination.

THE NEW YORK FRAUDS.

THE municipal rulers of New York have at last overreached themselves. There had been no previous example of frauds so scandalous and so impudent as those which have been exposed through the courage and energy of the conductors of the *New York Times*. The recent discoveries, nevertheless, apply only to specific amounts and to details. The constituents, the accomplices, and the victims of the remarkable oligarchy which had acquired the possession of irresponsible power knew that they managed the City and the State for their own profit by the basest methods, and that several of them had become rich without any visible means of subsistence except their connexion with the public treasury. The comparatively legal and regular advantages which they derived from the favour and connivance of their fellow-citizens were sufficiently startling. Four near relatives of SWEENEY divided among themselves salaries amounting to more than 30,000*l.* a year, and the kinsfolk and friends of the other political managers enjoyed corresponding profits. It was generally understood that the secret gains of the associates were fully equal to their ostensible incomes; and the most simple calculation showed that the revenue which was raised by taxation could by no possibility be legitimately expended for municipal purposes. The low Irish rabble which, partly by numbers and partly by fraudulent practices, controls ordinary elections, took pride in the audacious and guilty splendour which was maintained by its chosen representatives at the expense of respectable citizens and owners of property. Even after the exposure of the thefts which had been perpetrated, TWEED, who had already been held to bail on a charge of fraud, has been elected to the State Senate by a district in which his influence is supreme. He was always, his admirers said, open-handed and a friend of the poor; and it was not their business to inquire how he obtained the means of popular liberality. All New York was aware that the man had ten years ago failed in business as a chair-maker on a small scale, and that he has since pursued no branch of private industry; yet his horses, his stables, and his mansion were conspicuous in one of the wealthiest and most extravagant of cities, and it was absolutely certain that his establishment was maintained exclusively by means of malversation of public funds. The lowest classes were not alone in their complicity with the triumph of dishonesty. The great capitalists and traders of

New York paid black-mail in the form of adulation, and even of pecuniary contribution; for only a few months ago many of the principal citizens subscribed to a testimonial in honour of the chief of the Ring. His recent and exceptional success in the elections was foreseen both by friends and enemies. Every voter who helped to return him to the Senate has intentionally approved of the system of robbery which nevertheless has been at least temporarily interrupted.

The last case which has been brought home to TWEED would in itself have been sufficient to incur the ruin of a politician in any community except an Irish Republic. Some time since TWEED and his associates obtained authority to raise, in the form of a floating debt, a sum of about 1,300,000*l.*, for the purpose of anticipating payments alleged to be due. The amount which was really claimed by creditors was less than 100,000*l.*, and 1,200,000*l.* has been distributed among the confederates. Of this sum no less than 200,000*l.* has been traced to the possession of TWEED, constituting only a part of his fraudulent gains within a single year. The Committee of Investigation has already ascertained that nearly 4,000,000*l.* have been purloined by half-a-dozen confederates within two years and a half; nor is there any doubt that the greater part of the plunder has been divided by TWEED, SWEENEY, CONOLLY, and HALL. The managers of Tammany Hall might prudently have taken warning by a defeat of the Irish faction on an entirely different issue. The genuine American citizens compelled the Mayor to revoke the insolent order by which he had prohibited the Orange procession on the 12th of July. It was dangerous to challenge a similar opposition on the question of pernicious corruption. The Governor of New York, who has long depended on the support of the Tammany faction, though he was never suspected of participating in their pecuniary frauds, has once more seen the expediency of separating himself from his disreputable allies. With the sanction of the Government the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has entrusted the conduct of legal proceedings against the delinquents to Mr. CHARLES O'CONNOR, who enjoys the entire confidence of the Bar and of the respectable part of the community. There is little doubt that at least a portion of the stolen property will be recovered, and that some of the criminals will be punished. Several of the tradesmen who were privy to the monstrous accounts which were paid for the County Hall have already thought it prudent to abscond; and it is hoped that TWEED, notwithstanding his election to the Senate, will soon find himself within the walls of the Penitentiary.

It must not be supposed that the victory which has been to some extent achieved was easily obtained. At the Democratic Convention the Tammany party secured the nomination of all their candidates, and prevented the admission of the credentials of their opponents; but the dominant party, notwithstanding its strength and its organization, could not afford a division. The minority which had failed to influence the Convention proceeded to make nominations of its own; and the Republicans concurred in the selections which were made, without regard to party distinctions. The opponents of corruption have, for the first time in many years, obtained a majority in the City, and they have also carried the State. The next Legislature will be pledged to repeal the laws which have conferred almost absolute power on a knot of swindlers; and sanguine persons even hope that the Erie Ring, which was closely allied with the managers of Tammany Hall, will also be checked in its course of depredation. The Judges who had been employed by FISK, TWEED, and SWEENEY have already deserted their employers; and it may be hoped that for some time to come it will be impossible or difficult to buy up either the Legislature or the Bench of Justice. It is possible that measures may be passed before the general indignation has subsided which may in some degree discourage the repetition of recent scandals. The machinery of Commissions which the perpetrators of the frauds have devised to secure their own power may be easily modified or abolished; and probably some attempt may be made to alter the tenure of the judicial office. To deal effectually with morbid political symptoms it is necessary to attack the causes of disease; but such a course would be impossible in New York. There can be little doubt that as long as upright and intelligent citizens persevere in their present activity, the abuses which have excited so much attention will be abated and temporarily discontinued; but the fundamental laws of the State are not likely to be changed, nor is human nature in similar circumstances likely to produce different results. When the TWEEDS and SWEENEYS are convicted and punished, and when the Legislature has passed a few urgent measures,

the prosecutors will return to the avocations which they have quitted for the discharge of a public duty; and TWEED's constituents will vote as they have always voted, either for their present leader or for some congenial successor. Taxation is in New York irrevocably dissociated from representation, and consequently the revenue will in the long run be raised and expended without regard to the public interest or to honesty of administration. It is not, indeed, likely that fraud will assume the same forms as during the last few years, or that carpenters and plasterers will send in to their official accomplices bills for imaginary millions; but those who are always ready to vote, and who are willing to obey the commands of their chosen leaders, will ultimately prevail over the spasmodic energy of patriotic volunteers. The results which have followed from the political and municipal system which prevails in New York will in some new form inevitably recur; and fortunately it seems that the City can thrive under a mass of misgovernment which would be fatal to prosperity in any other part of the world. Theoretical American reformers have proposed to give the taxpayers the exclusive management of the funds which they provide; but even if the plan were intrinsically sound, it would be impossible, without a violent revolution, to deprive the numerical majority of its actual supremacy. It is a significant fact that some of the most moderate speakers at recent meetings have openly threatened to redress their grievances by arms if they had failed to carry the elections.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S EXPLANATION.

THE mystery of what is called the New Social Movement has been gradually unfolding itself very much after the fashion of the mysterious murder in Mr. BROWNING'S *Ring and the Book*. First we had the gossips' version of the matter, and the world's outcry over a piece of news which had fallen

Stone-wise, plumb on the smooth face of things

during a very dull period of the recess; and since then the various persons concerned in the transaction have been taking their turns in the witness-box. Last of all, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL, after the whole business is half forgotten, has come forward to tell his story. Mr. RUSSELL, who professes to be much dissatisfied with the organization of the public services, appears to be imperfectly acquainted with the postal and telegraphic facilities which are already at his disposal. After an unexplained silence for more than a month, he now "hastens," as he calls it, to publish his statement of the case; but he intimates that he has not yet had time to communicate with his associates in this odd affair, and that he must be careful not to reveal too much. It is difficult to conceive why Mr. RUSSELL could not, weeks ago, have transmitted from Vienna the letter which he has just published, and it is still more difficult to understand why, after having waited so long, he could not have waited a day or two longer in order to make his narrative complete. His "simple history" is neither simple nor explicit; but the light which it throws on his own state of mind and personal peculiarities is perhaps sufficient to explain all that has occurred. The part of First Conspirator is evidently very much to Mr. RUSSELL'S taste; he wraps himself in his cloak with melodramatic mystery, and flashes about his lantern so as to throw perplexing streaks of light and bewildering shadows. It is almost a wonder that he did not take counsel with the working-men in a mask and domino, or interview the peers through the key-hole of a cupboard. Still, putting together the various accounts which have been published, it is not difficult to piece them into a connected and tolerably consistent story. Mr. RUSSELL'S attempt to father the Social Movement on the late PRINCE CONSORT has an odd South Kensington ring about it, strongly suggestive of COLE C.B. Since his death the PRINCE CONSORT has furnished a convenient parentage for a great many curious projects. He once took a public opportunity of remarking that the British Constitution was on its trial, and it is supposed that he had a leaning towards the paternal despotism, smacking of the middle ages, which had favourably impressed him during his youth in the smaller German States. Had he lived he would probably have sympathized with the New Social Movement, though it may be doubted whether he would have superseded Mr. RUSSELL in the leadership of it. At any rate he was indirectly and unconsciously the originator of the movement, for it was a remark which he made on the inferior culture and industrial discipline of English as compared with German workmen which first directed Mr. RUSSELL'S attention to social questions, and thus, after the lapse of years,

brought about this grand scheme for the "well-being and "well-doing" of the English people.

What Mr. RUSSELL saw of the social disorganization of France during the war revived his interest in the social condition of his own country. A comparison of symptoms satisfied him that we are living on a volcano. The relations between different classes in England are, he believes, too intolerable to be endured much longer, and the choice lies between a revolution by force and a revolution by good-will. While under the influence of this uncomfortable conviction, he met an anonymous nobleman who encouraged him in the idea that a peaceful revolution might be effected. He consulted a number of the professional agitators who pass themselves off as leaders of the working classes, and found that he and they were pretty much of one mind both as to what ought to be done and the explosion which might be expected if it were not done. The now well-known Seven Propositions were drawn up in that vague grandiloquent style which Mr. RUSSELL seems to have modelled on the addresses of the late Emperor of the FRENCH, and were readily endorsed by the so-called working-men. This part of the business was completed on the 3rd of February, and Mr. RUSSELL, having signed and sealed with the proletariat, now turned his attention to the peers. Three months were wasted in fruitless negotiations with Liberal politicians, among whom, however, the members of the Government were carefully avoided. Mr. RUSSELL'S reason for this is that it was thought best that the movement should be divested of everything suggestive of political partisanship. Indeed, he himself is filled with "utter disbelief in the "wisdom, patriotism, and statesmanship of mere party "politics." But this did not prevent him from appealing for assistance to several of the leaders of the Conservative party. His suit in this quarter seemed to be more prosperous, and on the 10th of August he announced to the working-men that a Council of Legislation had been formed, consisting of peers and eminent politicians, and that the Chairman of this Council had a few days before handed him an official statement to the effect that they "accepted the responsibility of preparing "legislative measures for carrying the objects of the working-men into effect." This is stated in a document which Mr. RUSSELL admits to be authentic; but he does not attempt to reconcile the serious discrepancy between this rendering of the peers' memorandum and the actual memorandum which has been published by those who signed it, and which was given to Mr. RUSSELL on the 1st of August. If this had been read to the working-men, it would have been seen that, so far from the peers having assented to the Seven Propositions, they had apparently never heard of them; that they were, in fact, awaiting communications from the working-men, and had promised nothing more than to consider such measures as might be submitted to them, while at the same time they strongly condemned by anticipation any legislation which was not consistent with the real interests of all classes, and reserved to themselves the fullest liberty of action. The truth would seem to be that the Seven Propositions originated with Mr. RUSSELL; that he caught at a casual conversation with an anonymous nobleman "of a distinguished "Whig family," as a justification for presenting himself to the working-men as an envoy of the aristocracy; that the working-men cordially adopted his programme, and authorised him to convey their adhesion to it to the peers, whose agent they supposed him to be, although in point of fact he had not yet communicated with them; and that the Conservative politicians whom he afterwards addressed, whatever some of them may have done individually, pledged themselves as a body to nothing more than that they would hear what the working-men had to propose. The working-men believed that he represented the peers; the peers believed, more correctly, that he represented the working-men; and in this double capacity he negotiated with himself very much to his own satisfaction.

It is worth while to unravel this web of mystification, self-delusion, and misconception, not only as an illustration of the ease with which men misunderstand each other when they will not use plain language expressing exactly and precisely what they mean, but also for the sake of pointing out the mischief which may be occasioned by responsible public men allowing it to be supposed that they gave any countenance to vague, indefinite proposals of social change to be effected by Acts of Parliament. It is true that the eminent politicians who signed the memorandum of the 1st of August were careful to word it so that it should not commit them to anything; but the mere fact that they went through the form, or farce, of signing what purported to be a solemn compact exposed them

to easy, and even innocent and inevitable, misrepresentation. It was not unnaturally conjectured that so meaningless a document must mean more than was openly expressed. It may be presumed that Mr. RUSSELL did not seek to propitiate Lord SALISBURY and Mr. HARDY by explaining, as he now does, that his projects of social reform were based on a conviction that the working-men are the tools and victims of the wealthy, middle, and mercantile classes. It is also known that the peers did not endorse the ridiculous and fantastic Seven Propositions of crude Socialism; but Mr. RUSSELL's muddled and incoherent language, his absolute incapacity either to form or express a distinct, definite idea on any subject, should have warned them of the sort of person with whom they had to deal, just as much as if he had gone to them with straw in his hair or announced himself as JOHN the BAPTIST. Some years ago, when Professor FARADAY was approached in a similar manner by the Spiritualists, he bluntly refused to have anything to do with experiments which, as a man of science, he knew must be impostures; and responsible statesmen are bound to hold themselves aloof from the quackeries of politics. Dreamers and charlatans in all ages have been inventing royal roads to social prosperity and happiness. It is not a very modern discovery that social regeneration must begin with the individual and not with the mass, and that it is not to be accomplished by passing Acts of Parliament. There are two statesmen whom we have lost in recent years whose influence and example seem to be especially needful at the present time; we mean Lord PALMERSTON, who had the least possible faith in Acts of Parliament, and Sir G. C. LEWIS, who rendered a service, not perhaps sufficiently appreciated, to his colleagues and party, by subjecting all proposals to a rigorous analysis, and insisting upon a precise definition of every word that was used. There was a good old gentleman in the House of Commons who had fancies something like Mr. RUSSELL's about planting working-men "out in the clear," and whom Sir G. C. LEWIS used to turn inside out on his favourite Wednesdays. It would be worth the while, we do not say of infatuated enthusiasts like the builder of the *Great Eastern*, but of any intelligent person capable of being influenced by reason, who may have had a leaning towards the Seven Propositions, to turn up *Hansard* and read some of Sir GEORGE's speeches on these questions. Precision of ideas, and a careful avoidance of vague, elastic language, capable of being stretched to a wider meaning than is really intended, are indispensable in genuine statesmanship.

THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THERE seems to be a general concurrence of opinion on the inexpediency of modifying the French Commercial Treaty; and the rumour that no progress has been made in the negotiation is probably true. Of all Mr. GLADSTONE's former convictions, he will perhaps be most loth to surrender the faith which he shared with Mr. COBDEN. Both economists indeed departed in 1860 from the strict paths of orthodoxy; but the illusory contract which they concluded with France was devised in the hope of securing some of the advantages which would have more regularly arisen from the simple adoption of a policy of Free-trade. In concert with the EMPEROR and with his more enlightened advisers they humoured the prejudices of the French people by pretending to sell what they would willingly have given, and by purchasing for an imaginary price concessions which were highly beneficial to the vendor. The material results of the arrangement have been highly satisfactory; but it is not surprising that an insincere recognition of Protectionist fallacies should have been literally accepted in France. The national habit, which is caricatured in VICTOR HUGO's wonderful effusions, of affecting a kind of disinterested generosity, has contributed to the popular belief that the Treaty of 1860 was a favour conferred on England. Few Englishmen probably are conscious of self-sacrificing virtue when they consume the cheap claret which was first rendered attainable through the provisions of the Treaty. M. THIERS, whose opinions were finally ossified thirty or forty years ago, and M. POUYER-QUERTIER, who is the representative and leader of the cotton manufacturers of Rouen, naturally take the opportunity of their accession to power to promote the doctrines which they have always consistently maintained. M. THIERS has repeatedly proved to his own satisfaction that the tariff of 1860 is injurious to the commercial prosperity of France; and he deserves credit for courteous moderation in proposing only a partial alteration of the obnoxious agreement. His excuse, and probably his reason, for seeking to modify the Treaty is founded on the financial embarrassments which have

been the consequence of the war; and he argues with some plausibility that the urgent need of additional revenue compels him to propose an increase of Customs duties. The fiscal wants of the State acquit the French Government of all unfriendly motives; nor is it the business of foreigners to correct their mistakes, except by a firm abstinence from complicity in error. As in all similar attempts, M. THIERS and his Finance Minister are involved in an inextricable dilemma. A higher tariff can only increase the revenue by the admission and taxation of imports which it is the object of monopolist producers to exclude. As long as any class of English goods is allowed to compete in French markets, the injurious tendencies which are attributed to the Treaty will so far continue to operate. On the other hand, a substantial boon to the cotton-spinners and iron-masters who demand protection can only be conferred at the expense of the French Treasury.

It is possible that the tariff may not have been so framed as to secure the maximum amount of revenue; and the question whether it is worth while to increase the Customs receipts by imposing new commercial restrictions is for the exclusive consideration of the French Government and Legislature. It happens fortunately for the prevention of misunderstanding that the original term of the Treaty has expired, and that either party is consequently entitled to terminate the arrangement at a few months' notice. During the rapid decline of the Empire, NAPOLEON III. attempted to conciliate a portion of the Opposition by initiating an inquiry into the operation of the Treaty. At the beginning of 1870 it seemed probable that the proposals which now proceed from the PRESIDENT of the Republic would, with far less excuse, be brought forward by the Imperial Government. It was not likely that a dynasty which soon afterwards sought to strengthen itself by a wanton and ruinous war would hesitate to sacrifice the economic interests of the country to its own supposed advantage. M. THIERS is therefore introducing no novel or unexpected policy, nor is there any ground of offence in the negotiation which he has thought fit to institute. It would be highly unreasonable on the part of French statesmen to resent the refusal of the English Government to participate in a retrograde system. To hold France to the strict fulfilment of onerous obligations might have seemed invidious and harsh; but in refusing to modify the Treaty the English Government would leave to M. THIERS and his Ministers the most entire freedom of action. After denouncing the Treaty, the French Legislature would be entitled, after the lapse of the stipulated interval, to impose prohibitive duties on every article which might otherwise have been imported from England. Some of the Chambers of Commerce which have lately discussed the proposed modification of the Treaty have perhaps not been sufficiently careful to confine their attention to the policy of the English Government. Their suggestion of an income tax, or of other modes of raising revenue, is likely to be attributed by Frenchmen to a regard for the trade of England rather than for the fiscal prosperity of France. The single duty of the English Government in the present circumstances is absolute inaction. If the Treaty is abolished by the unaided decision of the French Legislature, there will be an end of an anomaly with which economists have long been dissatisfied. M. LÉON SAY, in his speech at the Mansion House, appealed to the good feeling of Englishmen to assist his countrymen in their present difficulties; but there is no kindness in ostensible aid which would really operate as a hindrance.

Those who wish to understand the statistical results of the Treaty may find the information which they require in a compendious little tract on the "Commercial Policy of France," opportunely issued by the Cobden Club. The French Customs receipts have diminished by one-third between 1859 and 1869, but the writer of the tract explains that the collective duties on imported produce, some of which are received by other Departments, have in fact increased during the same period. The total trade of France, and more especially the trade between France and England, has increased by many millions sterling; and the export trade would have exhibited much greater elasticity but for a large diminution in the trade with the United States, caused by the extravagant and mischievous perversity of the American tariff. With England French trade, both outward and inward, has greatly increased; and it might have been supposed that it was at the present day unnecessary to distinguish between the advantages of exportation and of importation. In both cases the French trader secures a profit to himself, and the collective result of all the bargains which have been concluded makes up the commercial benefits obtained by the community.

It is remarkable and satisfactory that the numerous remonstrances against the modification of the Treaty have not been encumbered or weakened by a single suggestion that it would be desirable for the English Government to retaliate. If M. THIERS and a majority of the Assembly hold that French consumers must dispense with English cotton goods, they will be practically secure against any check on the importation of French silk and wine into England. It is not improbable that they will be encouraged in a vicious policy by relief from the fear of reclamations which might have been preferred by the wine growers and silk manufacturers; yet thoughtful politicians might well hesitate to adopt a system which is definitively abandoned by a neighbouring commercial nation. The astuteness of English traders is generally regarded in France with a kind of suspicious respect; and although M. THIERS has often attributed the English belief in the doctrines of Free-trade to the superior capital and skill of English manufacturers, the explanation will scarcely satisfy unprejudiced reasoners. The Americans are assuredly not inferior to the English in industrial and commercial aptitude; yet nearly every class of production in the United States has declined since the introduction of the present tariff. The abandonment of the Treaty of 1860 would at least convince the French nation that its Government no longer sacrificed the national interests for the sake of an ungrateful ally; and there is some advantage in removing a standing pretext for irritation. The imposition of excise duties on domestic products would entitle the French Legislature, in strict conformity with the terms of the Treaty, to impose corresponding charges on foreign imports. For such an operation it would not be necessary to enter into preliminary negotiations. In rejecting any partial addition to the French tariff prescribed by the Treaty, the English Government will be almost unanimously supported by the House of Commons, and by the manufacturers and trading community. The smallest modification of the Treaty would confirm the delusion that cheap access to foreign markets is a disadvantage to the consumer. English Ministers have almost ceased to tender advice to foreign Governments; but they can give no offence as long as they are content to teach by example.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES.

LAST summer the undergraduate world of Oxford disgraced itself by an outburst of folly and license at the Commemoration. There is always plenty of nonsense at these gatherings, where several hundred young men are assembled in high spirits with the immediate prospect of a vacation before them, and with traditions of former occasions of misrule to animate them. There is a long time of waiting before the high University authorities who are to preside over the ceremonies appear, and this time of expectation is relieved from utter dullness by shrieks, and cheering, and hisses, according as any name or object to which attention is called meets with favour or disfavour. When at last the business of the day begins, the youthful mob has generally got out of all control, and continues to solace itself for having to listen to Latin speeches and classical compositions by those faint efforts at wit which please tender minds, and by indulging its lungs in making as much noise as possible. It is always a matter of complete uncertainty beforehand whether the proceedings in the Theatre will be got through with only so much of disturbance as may seem the pardonable ebullition of frolicsome youth, or whether the whole thing will collapse, and the authorities, their guests, and their visitors be placed in a position of utter ridicule. On the last occasion there was a total collapse. The undergraduates, in one of those idiotic freaks which are apt to carry away all such assemblies, insisted that a stranger who had a red tie on should go out of the Theatre. As this gentleman had a perfect right to be there, he refused to retire because a pack of idle boys chose to hoot at him. The noise redoubled, the authorities found all their efforts to restore peace fruitless; and a solemn meeting of the University in all its pomp, with the outside world represented by distinguished guests, held especially to give special recognition to the merits of successful learning, was rendered utterly ridiculous and abortive because a pack of light-hearted, light-headed young simpletons chose to yell till they could get a spectator with a particular description of handkerchief round his neck to retire from the scene of disturbance. The Dean of CHRISTCHURCH, who was then and still is Vice-Chancellor, resolved that he would never again submit to go through so much humiliation, and he owed it to the University no less than to

himself to take care that a repetition of the scandal should be impossible. He has accordingly proposed, and the proposal has been accepted by Convocation without a dissentient vote, that henceforth it shall be lawful to hold the proceedings in another building than the Theatre. As the Theatre is the only building in Oxford where the undergraduates could possibly be accommodated, this change amounts to a permission to the Vice-Chancellor for the time being to exclude the undergraduates altogether. They are not to be excluded next time, but unless next time they behave with some degree of self-restraint and gentlemanly decorum, they will thenceforth lose the privilege of attending, until the lapse of a few years has brought, as it may be hoped it will bring, a more rational and better-behaved set of young men to Oxford.

It would be a cause of great regret to all those who have known Oxford at Commemoration time if the perversity of a few of the more foolish sort of undergraduates put an end to a festivity which has so many cherished traditions and so many happy memories. On all such occasions it is not the mass of those who make riot that have any definite purpose or any bad intentions. It is the minority, who are more reckless and more senseless, that lead away the rest. Commemoration has always been a great time at Oxford. It occurs at a season of the year when the most beautiful of English towns is at its best. The quiet green College gardens are flowery and gay. It is a period half of business and half of romance. But a University that did not respect itself would not be respected even by those whose folly leads them to transgress the bounds of order, and if the undergraduates will not behave themselves like gentlemen, the gaiety of Commemoration will be at an end. If the undergraduates are not to be present at the Theatre, the proceedings will either be gone through out of Term time, or they will be so conducted that those who are supposed to be students will not be allowed any excuse for interrupting their studies. It would be a great pity if this were to be the end of what ought to be a time of innocent amusement. But there can be little doubt that the authorities of the University have adopted the best course that was open to them. They might have tried to keep up the attendance of the undergraduates at the Theatre, but to control all manifestations of sportive idiocy. College tutors might have been entrusted with the disagreeable duty of watching over those for whose good conduct they might have been expected to be primarily responsible. The undergraduates might have been there, but might have been closely watched, and disturbance might have been averted by the threat of immediate detection and punishment. But College tutors do not like having such a duty thrust upon them. Undergraduates are only very big schoolboys; but as they are approaching manhood, it is only possible to govern them in the long run by appealing to their better feelings. It would destroy the confidence that ought to subsist between tutors and undergraduates if once a year tutors acted as police constables. By far the best way of dealing with the matter is to treat the undergraduates as beings who, when they do not see a man in a red tie, are possessed of something like reason and good feeling. They behaved last summer exactly like a portion of an audience at a theatre, who, as soon as the first tragic actress appeared, should begin to sing comic songs. The police, if appealed to, would turn such persons out; but the best protection against an annoyance of the kind is to instil into the public an amount of education which would make such an outrage impossible. If the young men can persuade themselves by next summer that there is nothing very humorous in behaving as if they had just escaped from Colney Hatch or Hanwell; if they can get it into their heads that it is the mark of gentlemen to think of others, and to consider what is due to an ancient and illustrious body like the University, they can have Commemoration as it has long used to be, and as it is when it gives real pleasure, and reflects credit on the great corporation to which they belong. If they prefer to hoot and yell and make a noise and disturbance because a visitor happens to wear a blue, or a red, or a green tie, they will put a stop to Commemoration, its gaieties, and its pleasures, and can have no other consolation than that of thinking that their snobbery has been to a certain extent triumphant, and that they have exhibited themselves in a very unfavourable light, while they have succeeded in forcing the University authorities to shut them and their friends out from a scene of harmless and creditable amusement.

Possibly the follies of undergraduates at the last Commemoration would be too special and occasional a matter to need much comment if it stood alone. But unfortunately it does not stand alone. The two old English Universities are ex-

posed in these days to a peculiar evil, the influence of which on them seems growing. It is indeed only one phase of that many-phased evil, the growing wealth of the country in hands not accustomed to know what to do with money. Oxford and Cambridge are becoming more and more the resort of youths whose parents do not know what to do with them between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three. Rich men send their sons to public schools, where they learn little except to play games or to admire those who play them. At nineteen this stage of their useful career is terminated; but then, if they go to College, they can go on being at a public school, only a rather larger school. The idea of the University being a place of learning never penetrates their heads or those of their parents. The University authorities do not like to deter youths of this sort from coming to College, because they keep up the connexion of Colleges, and help to furnish incomes to those who are engaged in the work of education. Their only notion of work is just to scramble through the minimum that will pass them through the slender barriers of examinations with which the University at long intervals bars their course. They have nothing much to fear or to hope from the authorities; for they only visit the Universities in order to go on playing at games, and to spend a moderate amount of money there, until the time comes when they can be trusted to spend more money in London. Now that purchase is at an end in the army, the one other resource there was for young men in such a position will be cut away from them, and they will throng to Oxford and Cambridge more thickly than ever. It may be true that each of the fathers of these lads could not do better than send his son to a University; for he will be under good influences as well as bad there, and will kill a fair amount of time in a sort of half-respectable manner. Such men must come to the Universities, and the Universities must receive them; but every symptom that the University authorities are determined to exercise some sort of control over them is welcome. The real issue raised by the extravagances of the last Commemoration is whether young men who are occupying the mournful position of getting through the intermediate idleness of College, between the petty idleness of boyhood and the grand idleness of maturity, are to dominate over those who have the interests and the honour of a place of learning confided to them. There is nothing particularly bad about these youths; they have many good qualities and good feelings. They have simply had the bad luck to be born into a demoralizing position in society. But if they are appealed to in the right way, they may be kept from the more extravagant excesses into which their headlong spirit impels them; and fashions change so rapidly among the young, that no one can say but what in a few months it may become a point of ambition with Oxford undergraduates to behave on public occasions with a quiet and creditable self-respect.

LOCAL AND CENTRAL AUTHORITY IN SANITARY ADMINISTRATION.

NOTHING can be simpler in theory than the mutual relations of the local and central elements in administration. The work of government in each district belongs to the former. The Vestry, or the Board of Guardians, or the Town Council, decides what is to be done, how it is to be done, and what is to be paid for doing it. In this way local needs are dealt with by those who have the fullest knowledge of them, while local economy is secured by the control of the expenditure being entrusted to the persons who have to find the money. To the central authority a different function is committed. It supplies that information as to the best methods of accomplishing the ends proposed which can only be derived from a careful comparison of one local experience with another, and prescribes the general principles on which the local authorities should act. To take an obvious instance—the relief of the poor—the central authority determines that every case of destitution shall be adequately relieved, and lays down certain rules to be observed in the distribution of relief. The local authority determines in what way the prescribed relief shall be given, and what amount of poor-rate must be collected in order to defray the outlay which the provision of relief will entail. By this means the independence and political intelligence which the habit of managing their own affairs gives to a people is combined with that broad and systematic conception of the purpose and method of such management which the habit of legislation and administration on a large scale gives to a Government. By rights, therefore, there ought never to be any real conflict between these powers. Every local authority being assumed to be anxious to govern

the district committed to it in the best way possible, the intervention of the central authority can only be called for when the knowledge of the local authority is defective, or when its zeal for local interests leads it to pursue them without due care not to infringe on other similar interests. Under these circumstances the central authority would only exist either to advise on cases submitted to it by those who distrust their own capacity for disposing of them, or to protect those who find themselves aggrieved by the action of their neighbours.

It is needless to say that the actual requirements of the matter are very much greater than this. Local government is exposed to two great obstacles, either of which is often strong enough to paralyse its action. There is, first, the selfishness of those whose private advantage conflicts with the general good. A manufacturer objects to being compelled to apply a smoke-consuming apparatus to his furnaces, or to make the fumes proceeding from the chimneys innocuous, or to find some other lodgment for his refuse than the river which flows so conveniently at his door. Each of these improvements will entail present, if not ultimate, loss, and he prefers that the health of the district should suffer rather than his own pockets be lightened. He is himself perhaps a member of the Town Council or of the Local Board, or, if he is not, his views are represented there in the persons of other manufacturers having identical, or at all events similar, interests at stake. Other members of the Board are friends of these manufacturers, or have business relations with them. Others, again, dislike being thought unneighbourly or mischief-making. What chance is there that the law will be put in operation against an offender by a body thus constituted? It may be asked why those who elect the Board do not return men who can be trusted not to subordinate the welfare of a whole district to the convenience of a few wealthy inhabitants of it? The explanation is to be found in the second obstacle, the ignorant parsimony of the ratepayers. If the powers of the local authority went no further than putting down an occasional nuisance, the elections might sometimes go in favour of sanitary reform. But if once the Board begins to trouble itself about the health of its constituents, it may be led on to other measures, of which the cost will fall upon the community instead of on one or two prominent members of it. An increase in the rates is an immediate and sensible evil; a diminution of the death-rate, or of the average amount of sickness, is but a remote and intangible good. Consequently the popular candidate will usually be the man who pledges himself most unreservedly to economy at any price, and a tacit agreement is entered into by the members of the Board to let questions of health alone. The evidence given before the Royal Commission supplies ample illustration of this temper. At Biggleswade, for example, with cholera expected and the sanitary state of the town foul beyond description, scarcely anybody was found to support a proposal to adopt the Local Government Act, while the mass of the ratepayers voted against it. At Ulverstone, in the year 1858, with a death-rate of 29 in 1,000—in some districts of 87 in 1,000—and “every condition as unfavourable for health as it could be,” a similar proposal was withdrawn because it was clear that it would be defeated. In 1864, the death-rate having risen to 35 in 1,000, the adoption of the Act was carried by a small majority; but an appeal being at once made on the score of informality, the expenses of the consequent inquiry were so heavy that a compromise was arranged on the terms that, if in the following year the death-rate should be 27 in 1,000, the Act should be adopted. It turned out to be only a fraction over 26, and to this day Ulverstone remains unclean. The motives which prevent the adoption of a permissive Act are equally efficacious in preventing the proper execution of a compulsory Act. Such a state of things as this is not a case of local self-government as opposed to centralization. It is simply a case of the absence of local self-government. Any advantage which there may be in training people to manage their own affairs must be in abeyance so long as they obstinately refuse to manage them. The only way in which their inertness or their prejudices can be surmounted is by forcing them for a time to govern themselves, or, if that is impossible, to submit for a time to be governed.

Two things, then, are needed to make our sanitary administration efficient—a single local authority in every district, armed by the direct act of the Legislature with adequate powers for the protection of public health, and a single central authority charged with the duty of inquiring whether these adequate powers are adequately used, and of compelling the use of them where they are suffered to lie dormant. The authority must in each case be single, because without this there is no certainty of its being invoked by those who need

its aid. In the present confusion of Sewer authorities and Nuisance authorities, of Local Boards and Boards of Guardians, no one knows to whom he ought to appeal; and so long as the powers of the central authority were distributed over several departments, few people know whose business it was to make the local authority do its work. The latter evil has been remedied by the Act of last Session, and the next aim of sanitary legislation must be to apply a corresponding remedy to the former. The requisite powers must be given to the local authority by the direct act of the Legislature, without any liberty being left to the ratepayers to say whether it shall be armed with them or not, because, under this latter system, the districts that most need sanitary administration are the most certain not to enjoy it. Cleanliness will never be valued, except by a cleanly population; the dirtier people are, the less willing they will be to incur the expense and trouble of washing. Besides this, in every such district there may be some persons who wish to see sanitary improvements effected, and it is a gross hardship on them to make them dependent for the preservation of their health on the will of an ignorant local majority. Nor are the evils of sanitary maladministration confined to the district which is responsible for it. They often extend to other communities, whose greater enlightenment is rendered useless by the obstinacy or the caprice of their neighbours. The Legislature, therefore, ought to define who shall be the sanitary authority in each district, and what shall be the functions it may be called upon to discharge. It will be the work of the central authority to satisfy itself by a proper system of inspection that these functions are really performed. In case of default it ought to have the power of ordering a new election, an incident which would at all events give the ratepayers warning that their representatives had failed to do the work expected of them. In many cases this information will probably be enough to effect a redistribution of strength in the constituency. Men who have no love for sanitary reforms in themselves may yet prefer to keep the execution of them in their own hands, and may for that reason hesitate before committing themselves to a struggle with the central authority in which they can hardly hope to come off conquerors. Supposing this weapon to fail, there will remain the choice between compelling the local authority to act by legal process, and executing the work in its stead. The Sanitary Commission recommends that the central authority should be invested with both these powers. The last was conferred on the Home Secretary by the Sanitary Acts of 1866 and 1868, and will probably be the principal engine to which the central authority will hereafter resort when its directions are persistently disregarded. The main truth which it is important for the sanitary reformer to make better understood is that legislation of the kind described is not centralization. Centralization means a superseding of the local authorities by a central authority, and nothing can better suit the purpose of the advocates of centralization than inefficient local government. Legislation which aims at strengthening and developing local action, at giving the local authorities more to do, and ensuring that they shall not let their powers run to waste, is the most dangerous enemy centralization can have. If any one wants to throw the present local government of England into the hands of a London department, he will, if he is wise, do his utmost to keep it what it is.

SCOTCH STUDENTS AND HERO-WORSHIP.

THE Scotch Universities have lately been engaged in a peculiar ceremony. The students have been called upon to name to the listening world the man whom they most delight to honour. The whole proceeding is one upon which it would be easy enough to cast ridicule. How, one might ask, are we the better for knowing the opinions of a few hundred Scotch lads? Is it not rather impertinent in them to be sitting in judgment upon their elders and betters? And what meaning is to be attached to the vote when it is given? Are we to take it as proved that the Edinburgh students consider Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell to be on the whole a superior being to Sir Roundell Palmer, and that at Glasgow Mr. Disraeli is regarded as a greater man than Mr. Ruskin? There is a certain difficulty in discovering any plausible means for comparing such incommensurable quantities; it is like deciding whether, all things considered, a poem is a better thing than a speech in the House of Commons. Each is best for its own particular purpose; but as a Lord Rector has no particular duties to discharge, it is hard to say who is the fittest for them. His only real function is that of delivering an address, and we are quite at sea when endeavouring to discover whether we would rather listen to Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Disraeli. It depends upon a number of personal considerations of which it is impossible to form any estimate. Mr. Disraeli appears to have been nominated on political grounds, and we can of

course understand why he should be considered by ingenuous youth as a fitting representative of the Conservative party; but then nobody would take Mr. Ruskin as a representative of any party whatever, except that which walks about under his own hat. Of the political genus to which he belongs there is extant only one individual. And therefore the question put before the students would seem to be whether they would prefer a totally abnormal member of society or the leader of the Conservative party? We can have no quarrel with their choice, though its relations to the peculiar functions of a Lord Rector are not logically apparent.

And yet, though the whole proceeding is rather unintelligible to the Southern mind, we feel that it would be cynical to condemn it. After all, it enables a number of lads to give vent to the enthusiasm which is within them. Hero-worship, questionable as a political creed, is at least an amiable propensity in the young; and probably the students have been all the better for taking a lively interest in discussing the characters of their most distinguished fellow-countrymen. All the candidates put forwards have been men of real eminence in their respective ways, and the students are so far doing a laudable action when they endeavour to pay such homage as they can to intellectual eminence. Certainly, when we compare this manifestation of the student mind to that which is fashionable at Oxford, there can be no doubt which is the more creditable to the persons concerned. When Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell and Mr. Disraeli deliver addresses to their constituents, they will be received with abundant respect, and may be quite sure that their hearers will behave like gentlemen. If they had received the more imposing honour of a degree conferred by the authorities at Oxford, they could not have had that pleasant confidence. As Conservatives, it is indeed probable that their supporters would have succeeded in roaring down their opponents; whereas if Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright were to receive a like compliment, they would be hooted more vigorously than if they were confronting a mob of roughs from the hustings. If any person happened to be in the building with a red tie during the ceremony, the undergraduates would have entirely forgotten all political, theological, or other jealousies, and turned the theatre into a bear-garden for hours together. We should, however, apologize for comparing any set of civilized beings to modern undergraduates. The power of receiving a distinguished stranger without yelling demoniacally may be said to be about the most elementary stage conceivable towards the acquisition of good manners. When our Southern lads have learnt so much of the A B C of courtesy, we shall be more entitled to criticize the comparatively decorous mode of testifying respect adopted by the youth of Scotland.

Putting aside the inquiry into the rationale of the quaint ceremony under discussion, we may on the whole congratulate the successful candidates on the honour they have received. It is really a pleasant, and even a creditable, thing to be the object of the fervent respect of ingenuous youth. The hobbledyho, as he is scornfully called, is generally the object of unthinking ridicule. We laugh at his fancying that he has any opinions worth the name. Those hasty guesses at the solution of problems insoluble by the ripest minds which he dignifies by the name of principles will probably be changed a dozen times before he is twenty years older. The rampant Radical will be a pillar of the British Constitution; the audacious heretic a model of orthodoxy; whilst those who are now sticklers for the opinions of their fathers will have turned over a new leaf and become the revolutionists of the future. All this and more is true enough; but it does not follow that an opinion is undeserving of attention because it has little authority to back it. New creeds make their way in the world by a process of natural selection. Most converts are gained not by the balance of argument, but by a certain harmony between the creed and their moral and intellectual wants, for which they are themselves unable to account. Therefore we should often measure the probable current of opinion less by its acceptance amongst the most qualified judges than by the charm which it apparently possesses for the average human being. Probably a lad at the age of his University studies is as good a barometer as can be discovered for indicating approaching changes of the atmosphere. To take, for example, the case of poetry, it is always worth knowing who are the writers who have the greatest popularity amongst the undergraduates. It will probably be found that the turn of the tide may be observed in such quarters sooner than elsewhere. When Pope gave way before Wordsworth, or Byron, or Shelley, or when Mr. Tennyson's dynasty began to be established, we should probably find that very young men afforded the most rapid indications of the approaching change. It is not that they are better critics than their elders—for in many cases the revolution must evidently be for the worse—but that they are more accessible to new modes of thought. We confess, however, that in the particular case before us it would be rash to attribute any significance of this kind to the choice of the students. We do not suppose that Mr. Disraeli's election heralds the approach of that wave of Conservative reaction of which so much has been said. The instrument, indeed, is too sensitive for such purposes. The youthful mind oscillates backwards and forwards between rival political parties with a rapidity which deprives its indications at any given time of much value. The enthusiastic orators who hailed the election of Mr. Disraeli naturally did not take this view of the case. One gentleman at Glasgow assured his hearers that the result proved that "intelligence and education" (which are of course synonymous

with Glasgow students) "don't go with the clap-trap of Liberalism"; and another stated that Mr. Disraeli would be told by the said students that they were "prepared to back him in his endeavour to carry out the principles of the British Constitution." *O sancta simplicitas!* It is charming to see this freshness of mind; this touching confidence that Mr. Disraeli will be encouraged in his political career by the knowledge that he has a majority of the Glasgow students at his back, and the still more touching confidence that Mr. Disraeli will "carry out the principles of the British Constitution." We will indeed venture to say that Mr. Disraeli would be glad to see a little more of this spirit amongst the occupants of Opposition benches, but we fear that its innocent enthusiasm can scarcely be taken as indicative of the general feeling of the country. Looking at the manifestation from a personal instead of a political point of view, Mr. Disraeli will have more legitimate cause for satisfaction. There are many young men who regard him as a burning and shining light in literature; whose breasts are still responsive to the eloquence of *Coningsby*, and who imagine *Lothair* to be one of the great works of the age. We have already observed that on such points the opinion of youth is more valuable than it can be considered in questions of political warfare; and we will therefore assume that in some sense or other Mr. Disraeli's works express the growing sentiment of the age, and awake profound echoes in the bosoms of those who will soon supplant us. We must confess that this is rather a startling result, and that we should have looked elsewhere for the most favoured sources of intellectual inspiration. If the rising generation has really become imbued with Disraelian tastes to any considerable degree, we can only say that we shall expect to see some singular phenomena when they have cast off their leading-strings. Mr. Disraeli has added some very pleasant ingredients to our literature; but a literature leavened throughout by Mr. Disraeli is at present an inconceivable product. It is only fair, however, to add that as the choice was confined to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Ruskin, the result should only go to prove that Mr. Disraeli's extravagances are more in harmony with the rising generation than Mr. Ruskin's. Yet we should like to know how it came to pass that the choice lay only between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Disraeli.

Meanwhile, it is an unequivocally good result of the Glasgow election that we have in store for us an intellectual feast of no common order. We have made acquaintance with Mr. Disraeli in many characters. We know him as a novelist, as an orator, as a political philosopher, as a theologian (Mr. Disraeli, we remember, is "on the side of the Angels"), and as an agriculturist; but we have a legitimate curiosity to know what he will do as an instructor of youth. Some years ago Mr. Carlyle delivered an admirable address upon a similar occasion. We could wish that he might be present to hear his successor, and give a candid opinion of the teaching of "the man they call Dizzy." The morals to be derived from the two different careers are curiously contrasted. Perhaps if Mr. Disraeli would frankly give the benefit of his experience to his youthful auditors, his sermon might be summed up in two words "Be audacious." There is no success which may not be won by the man who has courage enough to be as brilliant at all hazards as nature will permit him. The credulity of the public is simply unlimited. The more you despise them the more they will admire you. Strike out flashy generalizations, and nine-tenths of the world will take them for serious philosophy. Spread the thinnest possible veneering of fine language over platitudes, and they will be swallowed unhesitatingly. If you only have the courage to do it, you may write a novel which is a practical joke from beginning to end, and which fairly outparodies the effects of your most daring parodists; and the world at large will take it at your own valuation. Make yourself feared and make yourself conspicuous, and there are no assignable limits to your career. Perhaps your followers may fancy that you have led them into some places where they never intended to go; but then you must remember that most of your followers are fools. If they can't do without you, it matters very little what they think of you in private. Whether such lessons would be altogether profitable, or according to the usual code of morality, is another question; but they would not fail of effect for want of a conspicuous example of the success that may be gained by obeying them.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

THERE is perhaps no principle so deeply stereotyped in modern legislation, or which has become such a household word in the mouths of modern politicians of every school, as freedom of conscience. It is the special boast of England, proclaimed alike by orators and poets, and which we are never tired of hearing or repeating, to have established this principle and taught it to the other nations of Europe. There are no doubt some limitations, or what may be called limitations, of "civil and religious liberty" still lingering in the Statute-book, as, for instance, in the laws against blasphemy. Yet even here the exceptions may almost be said to prove the rule. In the days of St. Louis a bourgeois of Paris was branded on the lips with a red-hot iron for blasphemy, and boys under fourteen were whipped for the same offence. Tested by such a standard, our milder enactments look like impunity, and, moreover, they are seldom put in force. In other cases the letter of the law has remained unaltered simply because nobody dreams of acting upon it. There are still, we

believe, certain civil disabilities attached to excommunication; but then nobody in England has been excommunicated since the days of Archbishop Laud, and the only legal consequence of reviving the process would be an action for libel. Catholic Emancipation is an event of history, and of late years we have even learnt to become tolerant in our pastimes and our prayers. A generation of English Churchmen is already growing up who never heard "the damnable and bloodthirsty Papists" and their "hellish conspiracies" solemnly cursed from the altar on the 5th of November; and though the feast is still observed as a kind of schoolboy carnival, it has ceased to have any further connexion with Rome than is implied in the innocuous display of "Roman candles." We have thrown open our Universities to "Jews and Turks," as well as to "infidels and heretics," and at Cambridge Turks, if not Jews, have availed themselves of the opening. Nor have other countries been slow to follow our example. Protestant preachers and *colporteurs* of Protestant Bibles may range at will through Spain without any fear even of their heretical wares being doomed to an *auto da fe*; and Protestant temples may be erected within as well as without the sacred precincts of the City on the Seven Hills. It might seem at first sight as if "the liberty of prophesying" could go no further, and as if dissertations on persecution had as little practical interest as the declamations of Roman schoolboys in the time of Juvenal on the conduct of Hannibal after the battle of Cannæ. Yet we much doubt if the last word has been said on the subject yet. We need not look far afield for indications of the old persecuting spirit, and that too in quarters where it might have been least expected. If there is one country in the world where Liberalism is supposed to have been pushed to its extremest point, that country is America; and if there is one man living who might be considered an out-and-out Liberal, that man is Professor Huxley. Oddly enough, however, Professor Huxley has shown something of the spirit, and the United States have shown something also of the practice, which we blame in the old inquisitors. It may be worth while to examine the pleas put forward in either case in their relation to the commonly accepted theories of liberty of conscience. We may promise that we are not going to discuss the abstract question of persecution. We have more than once done so on former occasions, and shall be content here to assume for argument's sake the validity of the opposite principle, which is also assumed by those whose proceedings have suggested these remarks.

As regards America, every one knows that it has enjoyed from the first that inestimable blessing of religious equality which the Liberation Society is so anxious to secure for our own less favoured land. Churches and sects of the most various, and some of them of the queerest kinds, jostle one another on equal terms, as may be read at length in the pages of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The interesting and reverend lady whose ordination was described the other day in the American journals has just the same rights before the law as an Anglican or Roman Catholic bishop. But it may be questioned, *pace* the Liberation Society, whether religious equality and religious liberty are strictly synonymous. That there may be liberty without equality is perhaps sufficiently proved by English experience. It remained for America to demonstrate the compatibility of equality with persecution. We are not going to dwell now on the fact—for fact it certainly is—that the longest and most destructive war of modern days was in one sense a religious war. The crusade against slavery was preached and accepted as a religious duty in the North, and by admirers of the Northern cause elsewhere, just as truly as the crusade against Islam was preached in mediæval Europe; and if it is answered that political causes were at least equally operative in the former case, the same may be said of the Crusades. However, we need not dwell here on the strife of Federals and Confederates. A case more directly in point is at this moment before us. There is no political justification for stamping out the "peculiar institution" of the New Jerusalem at Utah, and it is professedly as a moral plague-spot that the strong arm of the law is being brought to bear upon it. Now we have not one word to say in defence of Brigham Young and his polygamist disciples, even after reading Mr. Hepworth Dixon's rose-coloured description of their domestic purity and bliss. Marriage, indeed, is a matter on which the law must necessarily take cognizance, and it is perfectly right that polygamy should be forbidden in a Christian State. But then in the eye of the law the Mormons are not polygamists any more than the denizens of the Taunton Agapemone, for they have not contracted marriage in any form known to the law. They are simply a sect who live in open concubinage; and the question is, whether concubinage is to be put down by law because it is maintained and practised as a part of a religious system. That there are laws against sexual immorality in some of the States of the Union may be true, but it is also true that they have long become a dead letter, and that nobody thinks of reviving them. It is practically impossible, except in a Utopia, to make the civil co-extensive with the moral code, and so we are brought back to the former question, whether a sect whose members sin on principle against the moral law is to be put down by force, while the multitude of all communions who sin from infirmity or passion—and vice of this kind is said to be somewhat rampant in America—are left undisturbed in their evil courses. It is difficult to conceive any plea for an affirmative answer which does not imply some theory of persecution. To say that the offending sectaries are not to be suppressed on religious but on moral grounds is to say nothing to the purpose. In the first place, all persecutors have professed their belief in the immorality as well as the falsehood of heresy. Let us take an illustration which is in some ways a remarkable parallel to the case

of the Mormons, while it forms at the same time one of the most prominent and popular counts in the indictment against the Roman Catholic Church; we mean the Albigensian crusade. Now the Albigenses, if the testimony of their accusers may be trusted, not only held opinions as fundamentally at variance with any form of Christianity as any professed by the Mormons, but also indulged in practices at least equally immoral, and socially far more dangerous. And Dr. Maitland has shown that, to say the least, there were plausible grounds for the accusation. It is very difficult to assign any reason why the Mormons should be suppressed if the Albigenses ought to have been spared; and as toleration is an accepted principle in the nineteenth century, and was universally rejected as a heresy in the thirteenth, Innocent III. and the inquisitors really seem to us to have the best of the argument.

And now let us come to an instance nearer home. We shall hardly be suspected of any Ultramontane leanings, and if we object to Mr. Huxley's denunciation of the infallibilists and eulogy of Dr. Dollinger at the London School Board, it is upon the ground that it was irrelevant to the business in hand, and that when there is so much important work to be done, no time should be wasted on heterogeneous, however interesting, discussions. But, in fact, from the Professor's point of view the subject was not irrelevant. His attack on Ultramontane Catholicism was intended to supply the groundwork for a policy of what we must take the liberty to call persecution on a small scale. And that policy was openly avowed with a candour which leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Huxley tells us that he would close all the Roman Catholic schools in England if he had the power. As he cannot do that, he proposes to drive all Catholic children whose parents cannot afford to pay for their education into non-Catholic schools. We need not stay here to examine the flimsy pretext, which we have before now exposed, about not allowing public money to go for the support of a religion which the public disapproves; the fact being, as Professor Huxley is quite aware, that the money goes solely to pay for the secular instruction of the children, whether it is paid to teachers who are willing gratuitously to add religious instruction or to others. We have not often the pleasure of being able to agree with Archbishop Manning, but when he said in a sermon the other day that this objection was about as reasonable as that of a man who should refuse to pay gas or water rates because his next-door neighbour was a Dissenter, he seems to us to have spoken the simple truth. The real question is, whether the State is to enact a *privilegium* against certain forms of religion which it considers false. Professor Huxley thinks it ought. We are not arguing now whether he is right or wrong, but we say distinctly that such a procedure is in direct and flagrant contradiction to the first principles of liberalism. It may be quite true that Ultramontanism is false in theory, and injurious in its logical results to the wellbeing of society. Perhaps some people may think that Mr. Bradlaugh's doctrines, as expounded in what a high authority has lately called "a questionable book," are equally so. But we have not yet heard of any proposal to interfere with his somewhat offensive manner of promulgating them, though he would no doubt bring himself within reach of the laws against treason if he were to attempt to carry out his suggestions about Royal personages into overt acts. In the same way we can quite imagine a consistent attempt to carry out the principles of the Syllabus bringing Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects into collision with the law. But they have wisely refrained hitherto from any such undertaking, and it certainly does seem rather sharp practice to base a charge of constructive high treason on the mere fact of their teaching the infallibility of the Pope. And this is precisely what Professor Huxley proposes to do when he denies the right of Ultramontanism to take its place among the *licite religions* of the State. A sect of Things would rightly be put down, not for holding a heterodox belief about the obligation of the Sixth Commandment, but for reducing murder to a systematic practice. Theologians have deduced, with great force of reasoning, the most shocking practical consequences from Calvinistic teaching, just as reasoners of a different school deduce—we do not say unfairly—conclusions very dangerous to civil society from Ultramontane principles. And there have been States which felt bound to put down Calvinism with a strong hand, as Mr. Huxley would restrain the teaching of Ultramontanism. But the precedent is not an encouraging one, and we are disposed to think that, as a mere matter of expediency, false opinions are best left to die a natural death so long as they do not shape themselves into criminal acts. Even Mormonism might gain something from the halo of martyrdom, and Professor Huxley will hardly deny that Ultramontanism is a more respectable as well as a stronger form of heterodox belief. Indeed, we rather doubt his right to call it a heterodox belief at all, when he is borrowing for his own purposes one of the most objectionable principles of the Syllabus. The Pope himself can be very eloquent on the intolerance of schismatic Russia towards her Catholic subjects, though he has a ready rejoinder for those who would apply the principle when the circumstances are reversed; "they are wrong in their belief, and we are right." Just so, and Mr. Huxley thinks the Pope is wrong in his belief, and he is right, and would act accordingly. We may respect in either case the evident sincerity of conviction, but in neither are we prepared to admit the practical corollary. Orthodoxy, as everybody knows, "is my doxy, and heterodoxy is other people's doxy," and the more strongly a man is convinced of the truth of his own opinions,

the more will he be tempted to enforce them by all the means at his command. But we do not see that the liberal creed has any better claim to the support of the secular arm than its rivals. It is sometimes replied that an intolerant creed is a standing menace to the State, and that a Church which preaches exclusive salvation cannot safely be tolerated, because it is pledged to persecute wherever it has the power. But this argument is fatal to the whole principle of toleration. All creeds have an innate tendency to become exclusive, and to refuse to tolerate them till they waive their exclusive claims is to establish a spiritual despotism in the name of liberty. Acts, or the direct incitement to acts, which are injurious to society may fairly be punished, and ought to be punished, whether done under a religious pretext or not; as, for instance, when the "Peculiar People" let their children die before their eyes from a conscientious objection to the use of medical remedies. But there a line must be drawn if the principle itself is to be maintained. There is no toleration where the holding or teaching of abstract opinions is interfered with, and to refuse on the plea of liberalism to tolerate abstract intolerance is to exemplify in action the very doctrine we are anxious to suppress.

MR. LOWE AND THE TOMLINISTS.

A LITTLE lecture by Mr. Lowe on currency and coinage for the edification of the disciples of Mr. Tomline, M.P., promises to become an annual entertainment. Last year about this time he demolished the member for Grimsby in a sort of nursery parable in words of one and two syllables, and he has just favoured another branch of this queer sect with a second and slightly more advanced lesson on the same subject. The dulness of next November will perhaps be cheered by a continuation of the series. It would be a very satisfactory compensation for a barren Session if Mr. Lowe could be persuaded to devote the recess to popular lectures on various branches of political economy. It is possible that at the end of the course the public might discover that the necessity for incessant legislation and innumerable Acts of Parliament is less than was supposed. There is nothing which Mr. Lowe does with more artistic finish and genuine relish than the polishing off of economical fallacies and crotchets. Although most of the Ministers have spoken since Parliament rose, Mr. Lowe has maintained a steadfast silence. Since the financial exploits of last Session, and the addition of 2d. to the Income-tax, he has refrained from boasting at civic feasts of his intention to abolish taxation so that we may have the best institutions in the world without having to pay for them. It is satisfactory, however, to find from the correspondence which has just been published that he is still officially alive and kicking. Last year, it will be remembered, one hundred and ninety-six working men of Great Grimsby addressed a piteous appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, declaring that they had been deprived of employment, and consequently of wages, on account of a scarcity of silver coin. It appeared, however, that this was an artificial and local scarcity of a peculiar kind. Mr. Tomline disdains to use any silver money that has not been coined from his own private stock of bullion, and as the Mint was unable to oblige him in this respect, he intimated to his workpeople that he had no cash to pay them with, and that he must therefore cease to employ them. At the same time he referred them to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the author of the destitution thus entailed upon them. Mr. Tomline no doubt flattered himself that this was an extremely effective and practical way of illustrating his pet theory of the currency; but it seemed rather hard on the workpeople that they should be made the victims of the experiment. An occasional frog or a mouse may be sacrificed without much compunction in the cause of science, but it is going rather too far to condemn one hundred and ninety-six working-men to starvation in order to make out a good case for a currency crotchet.

There are various eccentric and even grotesque forms of human misery, but it is impossible for any one who has not actually experienced it to realize the feelings of an unfortunate man who, like Mr. Tomline, has so many bars of silver that he does not know what to do. How Mr. Tomline comes by all this bullion, why he is infested with ingots more than other people, or why he should find it more difficult to procure relief from them, are mysteries of which, as far as we know, no solution has ever been found. Everybody will remember the girl in the fairy tale from whose mouth dropped diamonds and pearls. Mr. Tomline would seem to be similarly enchanted. We get the idea of a man who never puts his hand into his pocket without finding a bar of silver there. Mr. Tomline with his ingots must be in as bad a plight as a Parisian with a five-franc piece. When he goes out to make any small purchases, he must carry a chisel as well as an ingot, and splinter off fragments to suit his needs. The agony of embarrassment into which he is thrown by this plethora of bullion may be imagined from his desperate efforts to relieve himself. He appears to be always ready to give away bars of silver to any one who will undertake to get them coined. During the recent strike at Newcastle, he offered a bar to the Nine Hours League on this condition, although disclaiming sympathy with their cause. We do not know whether Mr. Tomline, when he adds his name to a subscription list, puts himself down for so many bars of silver; but it is obvious that a man can afford to be very magnificent in donations which are contingent on the donee doing something which is

known beforehand to be beyond his power. Mr. Tomline does not personally appear in the renewed assault which has just been made on the Treasury in regard to the coinage of silver, but it is perhaps not unreasonable to suspect that, directly or indirectly, he is at the bottom of it. There is at least a remarkable resemblance between the language and ideas of Mr. David Fraser, jun., who now leads the attack, and the language and ideas of Mr. Tomline. The pen that indites the letters may be the pen of Fraser, but the voice which prompts the eloquence is strangely like the voice of the afflicted legislator who writhes under an increasing incubus of silver ingots. This time the appeal comes, not from Great Grimsby, but from Greenwich, and it is addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury, instead of to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Mr. Gladstone was first applied to on the subject, he referred his constituents to Mr. Lowe; but they refused to hold any communication with a politician who was supposed to have spoken disrespectfully of the working classes. It is possible that a recollection of the keen edge of Mr. Lowe's rejoinder last year may also have influenced this determination.

Mr. Gladstone got over the difficulty by forwarding to Mr. Fraser a letter from Mr. Lowe, addressed to nobody in particular. A little soft soap in a note from the Premier's Secretary supplied the vehicle in which Mr. Lowe's less palatable physic was administered to the sulky patient. Mr. Lowe points out very clearly and succinctly that the operations of the Mint are regulated by Act of Parliament, and are not left to the discretion of the Government. The Mint is bound to coin all the gold that may be brought to it for the purpose, without making any charge for the assay, coining, or waste of metal in the process. It is, in fact, a mill which is bound to grind every man's corn for nothing, in the order in which it is brought; and whether much or little is coined depends, therefore, not on the Mint or the Ministry, but on the state of the market. The Mint returns in coin the same weight of pure metal which it receives in bullion, and there is no profit on either side, but a small loss to the Mint for the cost of coining. The manufacture of silver money, however, yields a profit, inasmuch as a pound of silver, which at the present price would be worth 60s. 6d., is coined into sixty-six shillings. This profit is a monopoly of the State. If the Mint were to coin all the silver that was brought to it, those who brought it would make a large profit, and the quantity of silver money would continually be increased until it far exceeded the wants of the community, and utterly deranged the fixed proportion between the gold and silver currency.

Mr. Lowe did not state the problem which has to be solved in regard to the value of silver money; but it would have completed his argument to have done so. The nominal value of silver money must be rated above its intrinsic value to such an extent that there shall be no chance of twenty shillings ever being worth more as metal than a sovereign; for it would of course be then worth while to melt the silver coins. On the other hand, the artificial value of silver money must not be so high as to tempt private coining. If Mr. Tomline were to be indulged by having his silver coined for nothing, as gold is coined, the result would either be that he would pocket a profit of some 5s. 6d. on the pound at the expense of the public, or that, if the silver coinage were to be reckoned at its intrinsic metallic value, a turn of the market might make twenty shillings more valuable than a pound, and thus lead to the melting of silver money; either way there would be an injury to the community. If Mr. Tomline and his friends want shillings or sixpences, or any other silver coins, they can readily procure them at the established valuation. It is preposterous that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should have to sit down and write letters explaining that people who require silver, to pay wages, for example, should go to the banker for it; that the banker, if he has not enough in hand, applies to the Bank of England; and that the Bank of England in turn draws its supplies, as they may be needed, from the Mint, which is always willing to coin the sum demanded as quickly as circumstances will permit. The silver coinage having got rather low, in consequence of wear and tear, more than double the amount usually required has been manufactured this year, and more will be produced when the present demand for coined gold, as to which there is no discretion, has been met.

The rejoinder of Mr. Fraser, jun., on behalf of the Greenwich working-men is quite as instructive in its way as Mr. Lowe's statement. It brings out very clearly the foolish, as well as selfish and mischievous, delusion of the working-men that nothing is of any good to them in which they have not an immediate personal interest. Mr. Fraser thinks it is monstrous that gold should be coined at will, and free of expense, while the silver coinage is heavily taxed. The transactions of poor people are confined to silver, while gold is the money of the rich; hence, he concludes, by the present rule of coinage the poor are plundered for the convenience and advantage of the rich. It is quite true that, as far as mere handling goes, silver may be said to be the money of the poor, and gold the money of the rich; but the rich are to a great extent only the agents of the poor, and the latter have quite as much interest as any other class in the provision of an adequate supply of gold, and in the relative value of gold and silver which has been established by the advice and with the approval of more eminent and trustworthy economists than Mr. Tomline, M.P., and Mr. David Fraser, jun. That the Tomlinists, to quote Mr. Fraser, "really cannot

understand why silver, a metal which out of England is universally considered precious, should in England be artificially held to have no currency value at all," only shows that they have failed to master the elementary principles of the science on which they presume to dogmatize so unwarrantably.

BALZAC'S COUSINE BETTE.

IT may be laid down as an axiom in criticism, that when a dramatist undertakes to paint any class of human beings he ought not quite to hate the class indiscriminately; or, if he cannot help hating it, he ought at the same time to be able to overcome his feelings of repulsion, and set them aside whilst actually engaged in painting a representative of the class which he cannot endure in the ordinary intercourse of life. The feelings of the man ought not to hinder the free exercise of the observation of the artist, or his receptive impartiality; and though he may still have strong personal antipathies ready to resume their full activity when he lays the pen down and mixes with the world again as a simple unit in the crowd of a great city, he ought to be able, in the interest of his science or his art, to repress them temporarily whilst fulfilling his higher function as a teacher, or at least as a delineator of manners. It would be difficult for a naturalist to dissect any animal if he were unable to overcome those feelings of instinctive horror which some animals inspire in persons of a peculiar and highly sensitive temperament, and the man of science who fainted at the touch of a toad would be disqualified for any serious study of its anatomy and habits. An old maid was for Balzac very much what a toad is for the majority of old maids—a creature endowed with no agreeable gift by nature, and seriously believed to be venomous. The common prejudice against that not altogether diabolical section of the feminine world was, in Balzac's mind, intensified to quite an unusual degree. He not only did not love a virgin who had passed a marriageable age, but he actively and persistently hated her—hated her when he saw her, when he heard of her, when he thought of her, and when, with the ink of bitterness, he wrote of her. In such a portrait as that of *La Cousine Bette* we know beforehand, therefore, that Balzac will not give a study purified from earthly stains, like a classical painter's study of the nude, but rather a picture which, if in the main true, will be pitiless in its realism, and dwell without remorse upon whatever in the typical original is held to be unlovely and of evil report.

It has been well observed by a recent French writer that many words which are popularly supposed to be English equivalents for French words are not really equivalents. The word *bishop* does not convey the same idea as the word *évêque*, university does not mean *université*, nor professor *professeur*, nor college *collège*. In the same way it may be pretty safely asserted that old maid and *vieille fille* do not convey the same idea to a reader who knows the two countries where these two different classes of beings are to be found. In the first place the *vieille fille* is a rarer, a more isolated, and a more abnormally situated creature than an old maid. Old maids are found in clusters in quiet country towns; they are, as a rule, both genial and sociable beings, who give pleasant parties when they are rich, and are invited to parties which they make pleasant when they are poor, who spend weeks at a time, sometimes even months, in other people's houses, yet save themselves from the reproach of being parasites by rendering services which are far more than the equivalent of the little they consume for their bodily sustenance, and the room they occupy in the mansion. Old maids keep house for brothers who are widowers, or married sisters who are ill. In short, nature seems to have intended them to be lieutenants, not having very much to do on their own account, but placed by the very fact of their leisure in a position to render great services on occasions when their help may be required. The abundance of old maids in England makes them a class numerically important, and their united opinion carries considerable weight, especially in provincial towns. It is a great thing for a young gentleman on his entrance into life to be well with the old maids of his locality; they can help him greatly on his progress in the world, and do so with greater zeal than married people who are plotting for children of their own. But in France the *vieille fille* is situated very differently. All her lovely companions are faded and gone into nunneries, where they are totally forgotten by the world, and she is left blooming alone as long as she can bloom, and withering alone when she can bloom no longer—a social exception, monster, and curiosity. One of the greatest blessings of our Protestant country is that we keep our old maids amongst us; one of the real misfortunes of the Roman Catholic system is that it locks up its old maids in convents. The *vieille fille* who will not go into a convent is in a position which makes a genial human existence all but unattainable.

Beyond this there is a difference in the two destinies of the beginning. An old maid has lived many a merry year before it was quite positively decided that she would dwell permanently in spinsterhood. At thirty, or even later, she might have married if she had liked, so that for more than a dozen years she lived in genial equality with other young women of her generation. But the *vieille fille* was severed from the rest of her species at a terribly early age. A young Frenchwoman leaves her convent to be married, and if she is not married in a year or two she is a *vieille fille* immediately. By the time she comes of age people begin to talk of her as a *vieille fille* already; at twenty-two the case is usually considered a grave one, and a year later hopeless. And

this is all the harder that a most severe law of custom has weighed upon her always, a law from which marriage is the only recognised means of escape. The first day upon which a *vieille fille* (aged twenty-five perhaps) makes up her mind to adopt the character definitely, and go out alone, is a day that severs her from the two recognised sections of womankind, the marriageable and the married. The old maid is not severed in this decided way. An English girl has so much liberty that an English old maid hardly needs any practical increase of it, and when she goes out shopping or calls at her attorney's office people make no comments on her conduct. The *vieille fille* has a difficult part to play, and it is natural that unless, like Rosa Bonheur, she has some commanding talent, she should gradually turn acid in a position which, especially in the earlier years, is a false one. Balzac's knowledge of French society was very wide, and his insight into it very profound, and though he certainly was seldom guilty of anything like flattery, he cannot on the other hand be accused of habitual injustice. Yet the *vieille fille* was in his view a malignant she-devil, capable of wayward generosity.

La Cousine Bette is a good specimen of the *vieille fille* according to Balzac. As he tells us at the very beginning that jealousy is the basis of her character, we know what we have to expect. Lisbeth Fischer, called by her richer relations "la cousine Bette," daughter of a farmer in the Vosges, was lean and ill-favoured, with a dark complexion, hair of a shining black, thick eyebrows that met together, thick feet, long and strong arms, and a long face adorned with warts. From early girlhood the tendency to jealousy which would naturally accompany these disadvantages is excited and inflamed by certain family circumstances which may be here explained. Lisbeth's father, Pierre Fischer, was one of three brothers who lived in a village on the frontier of Lorraine, and were compelled to serve in the republican army of the Rhine. This Pierre was wounded in 1797, and returned to civil life. His brother André was a widower, and father of a very beautiful girl named Adeline, whom he placed in Pierre Fischer's house. Adeline and Lisbeth, therefore, from this date lived together under the same roof, but, partly because Adeline was half a guest in her uncle's house, and partly because her delicate beauty and the distinction of her manners seemed to place her in a superior class, she was treated much more tenderly than Lisbeth; in a word, they made a sort of lady of Adeline, whereas Lisbeth had to work in the fields and lead the usual hard life of a peasant woman in Lorraine.

Adeline's father and his younger brother were at that time occupied in supplying forage to the French army, and it so happened that a Commissary-general, Hulot d'Ervy, who came to Strasburg, saw the Fischer family, and was struck with the beauty of Adeline. Notwithstanding the wide difference in their social position, he married her. This marriage was, to use Balzac's own phrase, like an "assumption" for the beautiful peasant-girl, who found herself suddenly transported from the mud of her village to the paradise of the Imperial Court. The Commissary Hulot was at that time created a baron by Napoleon, and attached to the Imperial Guard. Adeline was educated after her marriage, and became a very perfect great lady, being aided by her ardent desire to please her distinguished husband, and by all the gifts of nature.

It was scarcely in human nature, certainly not in Lisbeth's nature, to see Adeline's splendid elevation without jealousy, and this jealousy was not diminished by the actual sight of Adeline's Parisian paradise, when the *baronne*, in 1809, invited Lisbeth to come to her from Lorraine. Adeline had at first the notion of finding a husband for her cousin, but this did not turn out to be quite so easy as the good lady had expected; so, instead of a husband, she found a trade for Lisbeth. The Baron Hulot placed Lisbeth with the embroiderers to the Imperial Court. She learned to read and write, and even to keep accounts, worked energetically, determined to make a fortune if she could, and at all events to make herself capable of directing an embroidery establishment. However, the Empire fell, and military embroidery was no longer a thriving trade, so Lisbeth remained a simple workwoman.

The Baron Hulot had been immoral before his marriage, but for some years after it he conducted himself very respectably. In middle life, however, his old habits revived, but in a more costly form. No longer the handsome young favourite of great ladies, he kept extravagant women at his own expense, and in this way gradually exhausted his fortune, and found himself beginning the decline of life with nothing to live upon but his pay. The brothers Fischer (whom the baron had greatly aided) were ruined by the fall of Napoleon. These misfortunes cured Lisbeth of the ambition of putting herself on a footing of equality with her cousin, but there remained a good deal of envy at the bottom of her mind, and from time to time she could not help remembering that Adeline and herself were of the same blood, and yet that one of the two lived in a mansion and the other in a garret. What she clung to most, however, was the independence which that garret and her labour gave. She scented the danger of domesticity at a distance, and knew how to avoid it. She would not live in Adeline's house, knowing that all Adeline's superiorities were so many menaces to her liberty. In spite of her face, opportunities of marriage presented themselves, but the dread of being reproached afterwards with her ignorance and poverty made her prefer the independence of a Spartan celibacy. Natures which develop themselves late, shy natures which think much and speak little, become singular and eccentric. Lisbeth had had two

experiences, and led two lives; she had been an intelligent peasant woman in Lorraine, and she superadded to this particular kind of intelligence that of a workwoman in Paris. Her naturally keen wits had deepened till they were profound, and she had received a Parisian polish as such a nature could receive it. Balzac says that any real celibacy makes the perceptions acute, and it is probable that all conditions of isolation in a crowd sharpen a critical perception of character, rendered more than commonly necessary for purposes of self-defence. In this way Lisbeth managed to arrange for herself a life not altogether unenviable. She worked hard all day, dined out every evening, and received a good many presents of a useful and acceptable kind. She avoided, however, all great dinners, and preferred to be received in an intimacy that cost nothing to her self-love. She conciliated the servants in the houses she frequented, not by extravagant donations, but by little humble gifts and friendly conversation. Her prudence and discretion made her a general confidant. She called herself the family confessional, and in fact heard much that is seldom communicated to any one but an ecclesiastic. Obstinate to the last degree in doing everything exactly after her own notions, she would change things that were given to her till they conformed to a nondescript fashion of her own, so that her dress was ever original. In her youthful simplicity in Lorraine she had manifested on one occasion an irresistible desire to pull Adeline's nose off, but after the education of her Parisian life she knew how to restrain these desires, though they still existed nevertheless in all their native violence.

A *vieille fille* situated like Lisbeth always needs a pet. A cat will do very well, or even a cockatoo, but by far the best and most consolatory pet of all is a young man who stands in need of assistance. We are far from desiring to imply that there is anything wrong in the relation between the *vieille fille* and her masculine favourite; on the contrary, we see this relation in a state of unquestionable purity between English old maids and young curates who are models of goodness in their eyes. It is a touching and beneficial relation, beneficial to both parties; it does the old maid good by giving her a motherly interest in the curate, and it does the curate good by ensuring him little presents, and plenty of sugar in his tea. Lisbeth's pet, however, was not a young curate, but a young Livonian artist named Wenceslas Steinbock, count also and patriot, *et* *et* *et*, 29, grand nephew of one of Charles XII's generals, now a penniless refugee in Paris. He worked in a garret near that inhabited by Lisbeth, and she carried him cakes and fruit, and exercised authority over him. She was particularly advantageous to him in one respect; so long as she governed him he could not but lead a chaste and virtuous life—her jealousy would answer for that. Her authority began in 1833. One night she was working late, and felt a strong smell of charcoal fumes. She went up to the garret above her, whence the fumes came, and broke the door open, and found Wenceslas half-dead. From this attempt at suicide she delivered him, and ever after considered him her own property. He had the idle habits which characterize the class of artists who have no permanent delight or interest in their work. She advanced money for him, and compelled him to labour, combining in her person the power of a creditor and the tenderness of a friend. Imprisonment for debt exists no longer; but at that time a Frenchman could be imprisoned for five years, and a foreigner for as long as he lived, so that Lisbeth had a terrible power over her pet Wenceslas. The love of domination, natural to the heart of woman, and hitherto suppressed in Lisbeth's breast, now grew and flourished there. She had a being who was her chattel, and she guarded him with the jealousy of a woman and the vigilance of a dragon. Her plan for keeping him virtuous was a total deprivation of money. She would pay for his food, but she would give him no supplies of cash. So he lived as chastely as Lisbeth herself, and worked incomparably harder than his dawdling nature would of itself have dictated. When he had done a good group, and reposed with that satisfaction which artists feel at the conclusion of an important work, she would have him set to other tasks immediately. Adeline has a daughter, Hortense, who has bought a group of Wenceslas, and after that he dines at their hôtel. When Lisbeth learns this she is furious, and declares pathetically that the poor had one lamb and the rich have taken it away. Wenceslas marries Hortense in the end, and then Lisbeth's jealousy settles down into a quiet determination to be the evil angel of the whole family. To this end she allies herself with Madame Marneffe, a spirit more wicked than herself, and during the rest of her career her faculties concentrate themselves in persistent plotting against the happiness of her benefactors. Madame Marneffe was the mistress of Adeline's husband, and Lisbeth, by allying herself with her, has the pleasure of helping to ruin Hulot. Nothing could be more affectionately amiable than Lisbeth's manner with Adeline and Hortense during all the time she played her deepest game against them. They believe her to be their devoted friend, whilst she is really helping to produce all the misery of the family by detaching Wenceslas from his wife (using Madame Marneffe for this purpose) and making Hulot's ruin irremediable. At last Hulot disappears, and his wife, who still loves him in spite of all his infidelities, lives for months in a state of the most pitiable anxiety. Lisbeth has the satisfaction all this time of knowing where Hulot is, and not relieving Adeline's misery by telling her. Adeline finds Hulot at length by accident whilst she is busy about a mission of charity, and a sort of quiet evening twilight

of something like happiness, due to Adeline's infinite charity, lies before them. Madame Marnette is dead, and there is peace in the house at last. Lisbeth's health fails now, and she lies on her deathbed, suffering mentally from the thought that she can no longer diminish Adeline's happiness, such as it is.

We fully believe such a character as Lisbeth to be possible, evil as it is. The varnish of goodness in society, and especially in English society, where goodness is universal either in the reality or the counterfeit, is apt to make us forgetful of the truth that as there are in the animal world creatures which have venom, and which will bite and sting on the slightest real or imaginary provocation, so there are in the human world beings whose nature it is to take a positive and permanent delight in the misfortunes of others, especially when jealous of their advantages. The step from taking pleasure in other people's misfortunes to taking an active share in bringing those misfortunes about is not very difficult when events and circumstances are favourable; and when dissimulation, even to the extent of counterfeiting unflinching attachment, is necessary to the accomplishment of such a purpose, it will be resorted to. In Lisbeth's case Balzac has been careful to present every imaginable condition favourable to the growth of such a poisonous character as hers. She gets into the habit of being jealous of Adeline at an age when the feelings are instinctive, and in a condition of life where they are wholly uncontrolled by any self-conscious exercise of reflection. As years pass, Adeline becomes more and more an object of natural envy. She has been Lisbeth's companion in the country, she becomes her noble patroness in Paris. Lisbeth is ugly, Adeline is beautiful; Lisbeth is a dependent, Adeline a great lady; Lisbeth is under obligation to Adeline. Envy and jealousy flourish prosperously in such conditions as these. It is not wonderful that they should reach a morbid and abnormal growth. Old maids in every country are especially liable to take an intense and jealous interest in the affairs of their relations, and even of their friends. They think more about their friends, and criticize them more, and expect more from them, and are more easily hurt when they do not get what they expect, than married people who have children of their own to attend to. Celibacy makes people curious about others, and very observant of details. An old maid is almost always occupied in studying the people about her, after her manner; and if we could but know the conclusions she arrives at about ourselves, the certainty in her own mind that she knows all our sins and wickednesses and all the minute faults of our character, we should often be exceedingly surprised. Add jealousy to this intensity of observation, and you have two-thirds of the character of Lisbeth Fischer. All that is necessary to complete it is unscrupulousness in plotting, and how easily jealous people arrive at this kind of unscrupulousness the records of our criminal courts may prove.

TRENT.

WE spoke lately of an ecclesiastical principality of the Empire in which, though placed in the heart of Germany, it was not hard to discern a certain influence of the art of Italy both in earlier and in later times. We will now ask those who tarried with us awhile at Würzburg to accompany us to another bishopric placed on the very border of the two chief Imperial kingdoms, a city one event in whose history makes its name familiar to every ear, but which otherwise would be perhaps even less known than the seat of the ecclesiastical Dukes of the Franks. Trent, a name borne by two English rivers and at least one English parish, is also the English form by which we know the name of the city which till lately was famous as the seat of the last boasted Ecumenical Council. Tridentum, Trento, Trient, Trent, lies on one of the high roads of Europe, and its position has ever made it a border city. Its present political status is one of the anomalies of the map of Europe. Lying south of the Alps, Italian in speech, and bearing in all things the aspect of an Italian city, Trent still remains one of the many outlying provinces which so strangely gather round the royal diadem of Hungary and the archiducal coronet of Austria. It is hard to see on what ground of reason or policy Trent, like Aquileia and Istria, should be denied that union with the one national body which has been already won for Venice and Verona. Some influence or other has certainly from early times drawn Trent politically northwards. Though of old times counted as part of the Lombard Kingdom, it has been for centuries counted part of that of Germany, and its history under its ecclesiastical princes has been that of a German rather than an Italian town. In purely Italian history it bears little part, save when it fell under the power of Ezzelino in the thirteenth century. Trent had little share in the wars and revolutions of the neighbouring commonwealths of Lombardy. It had far more to do with its Northern neighbours, vassals, and Advocates, the Counts of Tyrol. Yet its architecture, as well as its language, is decidedly Italian; to a traveller entering Italy by the Brenner Pass it will be his first Italian city. Let him start from Würzburg. He will pass along the pleasant banks of the Main; he will mark the small fortified towns like Heidingsfeld and Ochsenfurt, towns of the smallest size, yet girt about with their walls and towers, reminding us of days when it was safe for no man to risk himself beyond the protection of a town wall except those who were strong enough to make it unsafe for others. He will mark, even in a passing glimpse, the tall, slender towers, akin to those of Würzburg, again bespeaking the influence of Italy in Northern lands. He may perhaps pass lightly through the artistic

capital of Bavaria; if eager either for Italian skies or Italian bell-towers, he may think it enough to take a glance at the huge Friars church of brick, of a type so different either from Rostock on the one hand or from Verona on the other. Innsbruck, with its girdle of mountains, will be more likely to detain him; he will there perhaps see a small sign of nearness to the Southern land in the street arcades; and, whatever his errand, he will hardly turn away without a sight of the wondrous tomb of Maximilian. He will look round at the royal and princely group which surrounds the stately resting-place of the penniless Emperor-elect; he will look with curiosity on the full features of Charles of Burgundy, and he will perhaps venture on a smile when he sees among the company a personage so oddly described as "Arthur, King of England." But two forms on the northern side of the tomb will specially attract the eye of the student of Imperial history. King Albert the Second appears with the sacred robe over his armour. But Frederick the Third, on whose person aught of warlike attire may have been thought incongruous, appears in all the splendour of the ecclesiastical garb which reminded men that the successor of Augustus was, within his own province, no less God's Vicar on earth than the successor of Peter. The wonder-working powers of modern engineering skill will then carry the traveller over the great barrier which so long cut off the peninsular lands of Southern Europe from the great central mass. He goes, if between rugged mountains, yet among green and pleasant valleys, dotted with villages and churches nestling on the mountain-side, each of whose towers may pass for a stage in the great process by which the art of Italy made its way beyond the Alps. He hurries by Brixen, and remembers that in old times that city was deemed the frontier of Italy and Bavaria; he hurries by Bozen or Bolzano, and feels from the double name that he is still on debatable ground. At last, as he reaches Trent, he feels that the true border is passed. Whatever ancient or modern arrangements may have decreed as to its political position, he feels that the city and the land in which it stands are truly part of Italy.

The position of Trent almost forces a comparison with the position of Innsbruck. But in this matter no one can hesitate as to giving the higher place to the undoubted German city. Both lie among mountains, but there is this difference, that Innsbruck lies in the strictest sense among the mountains; it is girded by them on every side, while Trent simply has mountains on each side of it. That is to say, Innsbruck lies at the point of meeting of several valleys, while Trent merely lies in the valley between two mountain ranges. Hence, noble as the site of Trent is, it is not like Innsbruck, where it is hardly possible to look up from any point of the town without seeing each end of the street guarded by Alps. The result is that, while the views round about Trent are nearly equal to those round about Innsbruck, the streets of the town itself do not present such striking and startling contrasts as meet us at every step in Innsbruck. The loss of the noble stream of the Inn is also no small disadvantage on the part of Trent. In architecture, on the other hand, the advantage is no less indisputably on the side of Trent. Innsbruck offers but little beyond some fine street arcades and projecting windows. The churches are worthless; as Innsbruck never was a Bishop's see, there is no cathedral, and the principal church, which contains the tomb of Maximilian, is chiefly remarkable for the perverse ingenuity with which all traces of mediæval effect have been got rid of from a church evidently of original mediæval design. Trent, on the other hand, has a noble *Duomo* of the second class, and the other churches, though otherwise of no value, have towers which again help to carry on the line of connexion between the arts of Italy and those of the North.

To an eye as yet unaccustomed to Italian forms the first sight of the cathedral of Trent is very striking. The traveller will most likely first approach it from the north, where the nave and north transept occupy the southern side of the great square of the city. Everything at once tells him that he is in Italy. The central cupola, the open galleries running along nave and transept, are features which have their representatives in Germany; but here they seem clothed with a new character and a new meaning, and the few and small windows, and, above all, the porch with its columns resting on the backs of lions, are distinctly and characteristically Italian. He may perhaps remark the windows of the aisle, where the double splay characteristic of German Romanesque is relieved by a profusion of external shafts and arches, in marked contrast to the usage of England and Normandy. He may mark this as a happy means of adorning a feature which, when treated as it commonly is in Germany, always has a certain look of rudeness and bareness. In the wheel window of the transept he will also mark a form of a familiar feature which will show that he has wandered far away from either Lincoln or Amiens. From this point of view the east end is lost, embedded in a mass of buildings of which the most prominent feature is a tower, as tall and almost as slender as an Irish round tower, but with two rows of the characteristic coupled windows with midwall shafts. Here too he will mark for the first time the peculiar battlement which, from its frequent use at Verona, has got the name of the *Scala*, while on another machicolated tower which forms part of the group he will see a developed shape of the stepped battlement of Ireland. He will not be inclined to tarry long over the west front, with its incongruous tower; but, unless he at once enters the building, he will most likely make his way to the north-east—by far the finest point for a view of Trent Cathedral and its adjoining buildings. The group is a noble one. The central octagon, with its domical covering, rises above the choir and south transept, the latter finished with an

attached apse, and with an eastern porch with the pillar-bearing lions and one of the pillars itself twisted like the mystic pair at Würzburg. The tall aisleless choir, with its gallery, its tall shafted windows, its stately apse unencumbered by surrounding chapels, may perhaps again suggest the memory of Würzburg in the shape of its New Minster. But in St. Kilians the strongly-marked cornices and the shafts not bearing arches show a distinctly classical tinge, while at Trent all is late and richly developed, but still perfectly pure, Romanesque. And this rich Romanesque of the church itself contrasts in a marked way with the adjoining buildings, once the episcopal palace, where we see windows of the ruler German type and an apse of clearly earlier date than that of the cathedral. The machicolated tower also comes in well from the same point. In fact, few more striking groups can be found anywhere.

We turn to the inside, and we find something for which the outside has hardly prepared us. The gloom of the church, the low clerestory with its very small windows, is thoroughly Italian; the absence of the triforium is also Italian, and sometimes German; but the piers, except in their prodigious height, are those of an English or Norman church. We have here neither the square piers of Mainz and Zürich nor the basilican columns of Murano and Torcello, nor yet the alternation of the two in St. Zeno at Verona and St. Burchard at Würzburg. The section of the piers and their nook-shafts, their capitals, their whole appearance, is thoroughly Norman, save only that they and the arches which they bear are carried up to a height rare in Romanesque of any sort, and whose proportion is really more like that of the latest English Gothic. But the likeness does not go beyond the proportion. The tall pillars of an Eastern or Western English church bear a clerestory which sometimes becomes a very wall of glass; those of Trent carry an upper range which is small indeed, and pierced, as the sky of Italy demands, with the smallest of windows.

It is hardly conceivable that this nave, formed of six arches such as we have just described, can come from the same hand as the peculiar Romanesque of the outside of the choir. On turning to the local history the matter becomes perfectly plain. Udalric, the second Bishop of that name, was consecrated in 1022; he received the grant of the temporal principality from the Emperor Conrad the Second in 1027, and died in 1055. He rebuilt the church, or at least its eastern part, for his crypt survived till 1740, when it was destroyed to make room for the present high altar. Of the church of the first Prince-Bishop there is no reason to think that any trace remains. His work would be looked for with more chance of finding it in the adjoining buildings than in the church itself. But there seems no absolute necessity to attribute anything to an earlier date than the episcopate of Bishop Altmann, who held the see from 1124 to 1149, and who is recorded to have performed a ceremony of consecration. The arcades of the nave are doubtless his work. But the building received its present character from Bishop Frederick, who reigned from 1207 to 1218, and who, about 1212, rebuilt the choir, enriched the church outside and in with marbles and sculptures, and made some changes in the adjoining palace, which may most likely be traced in the upper range of triple windows. We have then at Trent a distinct specimen of pure and unmingled Romanesque, of a naturally developed round-arched style, admitting of much elegance and refinement, belonging to the thirteenth century. The style had thrown off all rudeness, but it had not begun to imitate any features inconsistent with itself. There is no sign of any falling back on merely classical forms, no sign of any striving after those forms of the Northern Gothic the true spirit of which proved in Italy to be utterly unattainable. It is a good, pure, national style, which it was pithy indeed to exchange for the cold and dead imitations of foreign forms which presently set in.

Two other churches, of no other importance in themselves, claim attention on account of their towers. Sta. Maria Maggiore, as being in some sort the scene of the Council, ought to be the most historic monument in Trent. But the church has been rebuilt since those days, and there is certainly nothing about it to attract on its own account. But attached to it is a campanile of pure and noble Italian work, with two ranges of windows with coupled shafts. St. Anne's has a gabled tower crowned by a spire, which has therefore more of a German look, and it is worth notice that it is a stage with mid-wall shafts over a stage with pointed windows. The steeple of St. Mary's shows plainly that we are truly in Italy; but that of St. Anne's steps in to show that, though we are in Italy, the land is still only an Italian march.

OFFICERS AS CLERKS.

DURING many years the army rather existed than lived. The daily routine of parade or drill, occasional courts-martial, and the trifling amount of work connected with the payment of the men constituted the entire occupation of the regimental officer. In course of time an outcry arose against the idleness of those who followed the profession of arms, and what may be termed a military revival took place and gradually increased in strength. spasmodic efforts, seldom persevered in for long, were made by a few generals and colonels to provide officers with a more profitable occupation than lounging in the High Street of a garrison town, and the traditional spitting over the bridge, if there was one. Systematic endeavours, however, to increase the professional acquirements of officers were wanting, and on a change of commanders

or quarters matters generally subsided into their old state of dull and profitless routine. Yet that idleness was the bane of the army was recognised by many colonels, who nevertheless failed to perceive any other way of dealing with the evil than that of increasing the amount of formal and mechanical work. This was already sufficiently repellent to the high-spirited young men who were supposed to be qualifying for functions for the performance of which their distasteful occupations fitted them but to an inappreciable extent. Still employment in a petty and profitless manner was deemed to be better than absolute idleness, and the result was a system similar to that of the first-lieutenant who, when he could find nothing else for the crew to do, used to make them polish the anchor. The War Office, having developed in importance, thought it necessary to show that it was worth the money expended on it, and, being apparently animated with an insatiable thirst for information and a deeply-founded distrust of the honour, accuracy, and efficiency of all ranks in the army, spent its time in daily inventing some device to give trouble to officers. Hence during the last few years returns, many of them in duplicate, and some in triplicate, or even quadruplicate, together with Boards and Committees of every description, have increased beyond measure. This paper hunger of the War Office spread by degrees to generals and colonels, and, not content with satisfying the appetite of the Minister of War, they began to purvey for the satisfaction of their own craving. The public will, we fancy, be astounded to learn that the latest edition of the Queen's Regulations provides that no less than two hundred and thirty-six returns per annum shall be sent in by every regiment of infantry to different officials. Some of these returns are in duplicate, and, in addition, there is a host of financial returns which are ordered by the War Office Regulations to be periodically furnished to the Secretary of War.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we deal only with the subject as it concerns the infantry; but we may mention that in the cavalry, engineers, and artillery the returns are still more numerous. The artillery is especially afflicted in this respect. Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his "Soldier's Pocket-book," observes, "The artillery, above all other corps, seems to revel in complicated returns." Yet an artillery officer cannot be considered thoroughly efficient unless he spends no inconsiderable part of every day in studying the rapidly advancing science of gunnery. Besides the regular returns above mentioned, special returns are frequently called for; while as to what may be termed internal returns—that is, returns demanded by colonels from their officers—the number is legion, and in some regiments is daily increasing. For instance, a clerk is required in the brigade office, or some regimental berth becomes vacant. The captains of nine out of the ten companies may state orally that they are unable to recommend any one, yet nevertheless they are expected to send in a return with half-a-dozen headings, underneath which is written "Nil." Nor is this all the paper work which falls to the lot of the British officer. There are no fewer than sixteen books ordered to be kept in every orderly room, and every soldier transferred from one regiment to another takes with him twelve documents. The result of this is that the adjutant is converted into a mere head clerk, and is obliged to neglect many of his purely military and more legitimate duties. Indeed, in some regiments there are by private arrangement a field and an office adjutant. The captains of companies are scarcely better off. They have to enter some, and sign all, entries in the soldier's small book or *livret*. The captain signs every soldier's account in the pay ledger, and is responsible for the accounts—including Savings Banks accounts—generally of the company. To use a slang phrase now current, would our readers be surprised to learn that in each company there are five books, besides such documents as the acquaintance roll and the monthly statement of accounts? The duty of keeping these books and documents is so heavy that neither the captain nor his colour-sergeant can spare the requisite time for the thorough performance of their other duties. Endless Boards and Committees, with Courts-martial and Courts of Inquiry, still further absorb the time which, even if not employed in purely military studies, in obtaining a thorough knowledge of the men, in ascertaining and satisfying their wants, and in promoting both their moral welfare and social comfort, might be far more profitably spent.

It is not to be expected that an officer who has passed the whole forenoon at drill, and the afternoon in puzzling over accounts, can find much leisure for his own mental and physical improvement. Let us deal with the latter first. It is clear that the greater the physical strength, the better the condition of the officer, the more efficiently will he perform his duties on a campaign. Now, as we have shown, an officer who accomplishes thoroughly the task assigned to him has little leisure or disposition to take any further exercise than a walk down the High Street. He has, if he does his work properly and does not leave it to his colour or pay sergeant, but scant leisure for indulging in those field sports to which the class from which our officers are recruited is so much addicted, and which tend equally to maintain a man in health and vigour and to develop the very qualities which are most valuable in a soldier. By sharing the sports of his men an officer obtains a better insight into their characters and dispositions than he could in any other way. He also acquires an influence and establishes a claim to respect which facilitate the discharge of his duties and increase his efficiency incalculably. There is no quality by which soldiers are so much attracted as physical superiority or dexterity in athletic sports, and the officer who has in quarters interested himself in the amusement of his men will be far more popular, will

receive far more devotion in the field, will be followed with far greater readiness in moments of danger, than he whose intercourse with the soldiers has been confined to official occasions. As regards mental improvement, even if the recent regulations did not render study obligatory, the improvements in the art of war and the increased intelligence and culture of the soldier point plainly to the necessity that the officer should possess a greater amount of professional knowledge than was formerly considered sufficient. War is no longer a mere mechanical occupation; it has developed into a science, and in military matters ignorance means destruction to the army, ruin to the country. Besides, all superiority is relative, and in proportion as the soldier becomes less of a machine, in like proportion must the intellectual capacity and acquirements of the officer be increased. Rank unaccompanied by the knowledge and qualities which fit a man for command will no longer secure in trying moments the implicit, unhesitating obedience so essential in war. The semi-feudal reverence of the soldier to his officer as a member of a superior class threatens to diminish, if not to disappear, under the new system; its place can only be supplied by the personal respect which is grounded on individual merit, ability, and knowledge. The commanding officer must no longer depend solely, or even mainly, on the authority of his commission; if he is to be zealously obeyed, he must show himself better fitted than all under him to command. But how, we ask, is the officer who is overwhelmed with clerk's work to find leisure for that study and reflection which, to be of any profit, should never flag from the day he enters till that on which he quits the service? Moreover an officer now, in addition to his ordinary duties and the preparation for new examinations, is constantly being detached to go through some special branch of study. There are few officers who are not at some time or other ordered to proceed either to Hythe for instruction in musketry, or to Chatham to go through a course of military telegraphy or field instruction. Staff as well as regimental officers suffer from the immense amount of office work demanded of them. With great trouble to themselves, and at great cost to the country, they receive a highly scientific professional training, fitting them for the most important and responsible duties; yet, when they obtain a Staff appointment, they find that their time is chiefly taken up with a useless routine correspondence which could be as well performed by ordinary clerks. The authorities, in fact, employ a razor to cut wood. Moreover, in the Quartermaster-General's Department the really important duties lie in the open air. A quartermaster-general ought to be thoroughly familiar with the whole topography and resources of his district, and it is as well if he also possesses a personal knowledge of the principal inhabitants. No better way of acquiring this knowledge can be devised than occasional shooting and hunting, or at least walking or riding, over the neighbourhood. But for such occupations he has no time.

Returning to regimental officers—their case, bad as it is in time of peace, is far worse in the field, where paper work under the present system rather increases than diminishes, while at the same time the conveniences for office labour are few indeed. When engaged in a campaign, the health, comfort, and efficiency of the men demand the constant attention of all officers; yet the leisure snatched from fighting and marching which ought to be devoted to these objects is, if the official regulations are obeyed, absorbed by the compilation of numerous useless returns. This is especially the case with the adjutant and the colonel. The facts indeed as regards the latter stand thus. Both sets of duties cannot be performed; either the regiment or the office must be neglected. If the colonel neglects the former, it loses in efficiency and he is censured by the general in immediate command. If he neglects the latter, he is reprimanded by the War Office. To the credit of commanding officers it must be said that, when on service, they generally subordinate the office to the regiment; but the result is not only censure from Pall Mall, but an accumulation of paper work which cannot be cleared off for months after the close of the campaign, and frequently at no inconsiderable pecuniary loss. Nor are officers commanding regiments in the field alone subject to pecuniary loss. We do not hesitate to say that in three cases out of five no officer hands over a company without having at one time or another disbursed money for public purposes out of his own pocket. The accounts are so numerous and voluminous, and the system of payment is so needlessly complicated, that the carelessness of the pay-sergeant is cloaked for the time, and his fraud, if he be fraudulent, is rendered difficult of detection.

Another strong argument against the present paper system which turns leaders of warriors into mere clerks is that, in addition to the evils above enumerated, desultory habits are directly induced. It frequently happens that an officer has been kept hanging about the orderly-room for a whole morning, waiting to perform the different duties assigned to him, and yet has only been actually employed for one hour. In fact, in no profession is economy of time so little regarded as in the army. It is not surprising that, with such a training, officers become idle and utterly incapable of systematic study. It has at length come to this, that an officer cannot at the same time perform all his duties and both maintain his bodily vigour and cultivate his mind. The authorities must therefore clear away some of the useless labour which they now so ruthlessly impose. Fortunately they have it in their power to do so without injury to the service, nay, with a positive gain to it. The course is plain before them. They should simplify the accounts and the system of payment, which not only give officers useless trouble, but

also cause much discontent among the men, who view with disgust the difference between nominal and actual pay. They should introduce in regiments a practice of oral reports, and should utterly abolish three-fourths of the existing returns, supplying for those which are retained simple printed forms which only require to be filled in with figures. They should likewise condense and arrange the regulations, extricate military law from its present disgraceful state of chaos, and shorten the proceedings of courts-martial. If this were done, officers would feel themselves to be no longer clerks, but *bona fide* fighting men, and would employ their time in fitting themselves for those duties in the field to the training for which the present system is directly antagonistic.

COUNTY COURT JUDGES IN WALES.

WE have heard lately a story which may illustrate the difficulties under which justice is likely to be administered in Wales by judges who don't understand Welsh. The story concerns two Englishmen who went this autumn to Germany, one of them being able to speak a little German, and the other almost none at all. One of the travellers was leaving a town at which they had both been staying, and the other accompanied him to the railway station to see him off. They rode to the station, which was about a mile from the town, in an ordinary hired carriage, called a droschky, drawn by a pair of horses. A leather bag belonging to the departing traveller was placed on the driver's foot-board. The travellers took their seats in the carriage, and the driver, with abundant cracking of his whip and shouting, urged his horses towards the station. The route was by the main street of the town; there was plenty of time, and the driver's excitement seemed to the travellers superfluous. The carriage took, as they thought, an unnecessarily meandering course, and either from its swerving or some other cause the bag was thrown to the ground and the hind wheel went over it. The side of the bag was burst open, and some of the contents protruded. On arriving at the station, the traveller to whom the bag belonged refused to pay the fare, and appealed to the police, who told him that he must go before the burgomaster in the town. This traveller, whom we will call Mr. A., determined, with truly British obstinacy, to pursue the litigation, and his companion, who shall be distinguished as Mr. B., declared his readiness to back him in the quarrel. Our admiration for this manly assertion of the rights of British travellers abroad is enhanced by the knowledge that the amount in dispute was only eightpence. Hiring a porter at equal cost to the sum in dispute, the travellers marched back to the town, while the driver walked his horses by their side, and scowled and objugated at intervals. Thus all the porters at the station, and nearly all the drivers of hack carriages in the town, became aware that a litigation was in progress, and, as the penny-a-liners say, "the utmost excitement prevailed" in the neighbourhood of the burgomaster's office. The travellers had provided themselves with an interpreter in the person of the porter at their hotel, who probably was as well qualified for the duty as some of the interpreters who officiate in the County Courts of Wales. Mr. A., who spoke a little German, discovered as soon as he came before the burgomaster that his own stock of phrases was inadequate to the occasion. The porter from the hotel, although, being a native, he could speak abundant German, laboured under the difficulty of not understanding English, unless it had reference to the ordinary daily wants of travellers. The driver stated his case with much emphasis and volubility, and Mr. A. and the porter did their best, which was bad, to state the case in answer. The burgomaster had declined to admit that he could converse in French, feeling probably that his doing so would be unfair to the driver. So the discussion proceeded in German, which was disadvantageous to Mr. A. The burgomaster, after hearing both sides, proceeded to give an elaborate judgment, of which the few words which were understood by Mr. A. clearly indicated that he must pay the money. Hereupon Mr. B., who happened to be a lawyer, interposed with a few words of French, to the effect that, according to the laws of all countries, some reasonable degree of diligence was required from a carrier. The burgomaster understood these words before he had time to say that he did not, and he thereupon recalled his first judgment, and gave another to the effect that Mr. A. was not liable to pay the fare. The Homeric simplicity of this lawsuit and its unexpected result render it worthy to be recorded among the doings of Englishmen abroad. The leathern bag carried by its owner along the street was a visible token to all porters and drivers of the pertinacity of our race; and Mr. A. had the proud satisfaction of having gained his cause at an expense not exceeding five times the amount in dispute.

It results from this story that in a German town frequented by tourists it is highly desirable, at least from the point of view of Englishmen, that the chief magistrate should understand French, or English, or both. It is quite certain that if the burgomaster had not understood French the case which came before him would have had a different result; and it is to be feared that many Welsh cases depend, not upon the whole evidence, but only upon so much of it as reaches the Judge's mind. All lawyers know well enough the difficulty of accurately ascertaining minute facts even where only one language is employed in the investigation of them. But when two languages have to be employed, the difficulty is enhanced enormously. The interpreter may misunderstand the counsel, as in the celebrated case of a chemical patent, when the question was, in English, "Then you put the ingredients into a

pan and 'eat them?' and the word "manger" occurred in the French form of it. And the interpreter may slightly change the effect of answers, just as reporters, under an unconscious bias, sometimes make cases appear stronger or weaker than they really are against prisoners. A Judge conversant with the Welsh language would have the great advantage of watching and correcting witnesses and interpreters. It probably would not be difficult to find among practitioners on the Welsh Assizes and Sessions an adequate supply of men qualified both as lawyers and linguists to fill these posts; but doubtless any rule or practice of looking only to the Welsh Bar would inconveniently hamper the Lord Chancellor in the distribution of his patronage. And besides, it is almost a principle of the Constitution that round men—we mean good round men—should be put into square holes. It is now considered desirable that County Court Judges should understand both Common Law and Equity, and so it has become the practice to appoint an Equity lawyer to every two or three Common lawyers, the effect of which probably is, that in some cases the Judge does not understand Common Law, while in other cases he does not understand Equity. It would be too much to expect that barristers should qualify themselves both in Common Law and Equity before they become candidates for these appointments. The Lord Chancellor's complaint that Welsh is more spoken in Wales than Erse in Ireland, or Gaelic in Scotland, reminds us of the Birmingham button-maker's disgust at finding that French was spoken in France. He had been to America, which was much further off, and found that they spoke English there, and why could they not do so in Paris? The truth is, that a sentimental nationality which exhibits itself in festivals called by a name which we will not venture to write, as well as in sundry other ways, prevents the Welsh people from feeling the full force of the practical considerations which ought to induce them to speak English. About twenty years ago an example appeared at Cambridge of a Welshman, the son of poor parents, who had a wonderful faculty for language generally, and whose Greek and Latin composition were almost unrivalled, while his translations into English continued throughout his undergraduate career defective. This was a lamentable example of the effect of ignorance, and indeed we had heard nothing equally distressing until Mr. Watkin Williams deplored the defective education of his countrymen which would prevent the great majority of them from reading an awakening leader in the *Times*. It is gracefully assumed in addressing the Editor of that journal that every Welsh peasant would take it in if only he could read it. The Welsh language is, as Mr. Osborn Morgan says, highly idiomatic. We should have thought that it was also slightly barbarous, or, in deference to just susceptibility, shall we say primitive? According to the familiar example, a river is older than a bridge, and therefore a word exists in Welsh for the former, but not for the latter. If the Welsh language is better fitted for poetry than for pleading, and for celebrating the battles of heroes than for conducting actions of ejection, so much the better for the Welsh. In general they will be safer out of Court than in Court; but we suspect that, if they come there, they may find, like the interpreter of whom we spoke, that their vocabulary is inadequate to the occasion.

The Lord Chancellor remarks that the attempted parallel between a Court of Law and a church or chapel does not hold, because nobody ever conceived the idea of interpreting a sermon. We might add that we never heard, except in the facetious language of the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce, of attending divine service by attorney. If the Lord Chancellor has a strong case, it is a pity that he should make it appear weak by using such very flimsy arguments. Thus he says that in a suit between an Englishman and a Welshman, if the judge understood Welsh, he would be distrusted by the English litigant. We have heard that Homer sometimes dozed, and a Lord Chancellor may sometimes speak inaccurately, especially on points on which counsel on both sides have not been heard. But surely Lord Hatherley might have been expected to remember that a Welshman who learns law also necessarily learns English. It is possible, and perhaps true, that English Judges, sitting in Welsh Courts, may misunderstand Welsh witnesses; but it is not possible that a Welsh Judge, sitting in a Welsh Court, should misunderstand English witnesses. In order to make it possible, you must suppose that a man could have passed through school or college, and acquired "intellectual accomplishments," and read in chambers and practised in Court for years in London, and yet have failed to learn English. It would puzzle even a Lord Chancellor dispensing official patronage to find such a very round man as that for his square hole. But we should think that an ordinary English lawyer appointed to a Welsh County Court, and hearing for the first time parties and witnesses making copious use of "highly idiomatic language" which an interpreter endeavours to explain, must feel pitifully helpless. The difficulty would be increased by introducing a Welsh jury; but happily juries in County Courts are rare. We believe that at the Assizes counsel have been allowed to address juries in Welsh when it appeared that it was hopeless to attempt to make them understand English, and we have heard that sometimes counsel have availed themselves of the opportunity to advise the jury in highly idiomatic language not to pay attention to anything that that foolish old man—meaning the Judge—might say to them. The Lord Chancellor of course remembers that another Beales may possibly be evolved from the womb of time, and therefore he guards himself and his successors against admitting that County Court Judges ought to be appointed with exclusive reference to their

fitness for their offices. But although we strongly feel the importance of urging and encouraging the Welsh people to speak English, we nevertheless think that it would be generally expedient under existing circumstances to appoint Welsh-speaking lawyers to County Court judgeships in Welsh-speaking districts. Indeed the principle is admitted by the usual choice of registrars. But then a magistracy is not, like a judgeship, a part of the political patronage of the Government.

A MISTOLD STORY.

WITH many temptations to try our hand upon the venture, we must decline to preach a sermon about the uncertainty of literary tradition even when its demands on our belief appear to rest on the surest and broadest foundations of contemporary evidence. But we have no scruple in dissecting a curious instance of how an author, writing under circumstances which carry with them an *a priori* demand upon our acquiescence, can so tell a short but remarkable story, relating to events not many years old, as equally to confound times and to mistake persons, to the probable vexation of future retailers of anecdotes. A not long deceased clergyman, Mr. William Harness, was a very well-known man about town as one of the latest survivors from a former generation of that cabinet-picture school of accomplished literary men in society, whose successors, under the fast living—intellectual as well as material—of our age are every year becoming more scarce. The memoirs of a representative man of that stamp must emphatically be the narrative of varied social intercourse, and their interest will be as much derived from the reminiscences of distinguished persons whom their hero has encountered as from the record of his own achievements. In fact, to be good they must be practically autobiographical, whether formally propounded in the first or the third person; and the compiler, if he does not possess qualities akin to those of his subject, at least ought to be accurate and well informed in the details of literary history and of the higher social life. We fear that Mr. Harness's biographer, the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, whose work we may notice more fully on a future occasion, has hardly shown himself either accurate or well informed in narrating an incident which he has thought of sufficient importance to enter in his table of contents as a "Remarkable Dream," and which we know that Mr. Harness himself was fond of repeating, with great precision. Among his oldest and most intimate friends was Thomas Hope, most widely known as having written *Anastasis*, but also the earliest systematic advocate in England of decorative art, and the author who first contributed to our literature a philosophical history of the gradual development of mediæval and modern from ancient architecture illustrated by his own remarkable powers of drawing, which was unfortunately published posthumously, and in an incomplete form. Mr. L'Estrange commences his very meagre notice of Mr. Harness's intercourse with Mr. Hope by the strange blunder of terming him Henry Hope, and after about a page of incidental anecdote plunges into the following statement:—

Mr. Hope died in 1831. The night after his death Mr. Harness dreamed that he saw Lord Beresford's country residence in an unusual state of commotion. He woke up with the impression that some death or other great calamity had happened there; and though he afterwards thought lightly of the matter, he determined, as he was going in that direction, to call at Lord Beresford's in Duchess Street, on his way home. On arriving there he found the blinds down, and the house shut up; and upon inquiring, the gate-porter told him that Mr. Thomas Hope had died the day before at Bedebugry Park. Mr. Harness had not known that his friend was either ill or in England. Mr. Hope left Mr. Harness his literary executor.

It will be observed that Mr. Hope has here recovered his proper Christian name, without a word to show why he was Henry in the preceding page; and it will also be observed that Lord Beresford is introduced into the tale without any explanation being offered of his connexion with the other personages. The fact really is that the dream—as we have authentic means of knowing, and as we think that the author, if he had been attentive to his friend's narrative, might himself have also known—did not occur in 1831, but several years later, and had no reference to the death of Mr. Thomas Hope, which took place in London, but was dreamed in December 1839, in singular coincidence with the death of Mr. Thomas Hope's youngest brother, Mr. Henry Philip Hope. Marshal Lord Beresford, so well known in military history, was the cousin of Mrs. Hope (born Beresford), and afterwards became her second husband; while, subsequently to his marriage, he purchased Bedebugry Park, which passed from him to his kinsman, and Mr. and Mrs. Hope's son, Mr. Beresford Hope. It is very clear, therefore, that Mr. Thomas Hope could not have died at Lord Beresford's seat, Bedebugry Park. But his brother did so; and about six o'clock one morning Mr. Harness (as he has often told us), having been previously awake, and as it was Friday thinking of his pending Sunday's sermon, fell suddenly asleep, and dreamed that he saw Lord and Lady Beresford in great distress at their place. He speedily awoke with the conviction that some one nearly related to them must have died in their country house.

Accordingly, as soon as he was released from his morning's occupations, he proceeded to inquire in Duchess Street; but not at the house of Lord Beresford, who had never lived in that street, but at a well-known, and now unhappily demolished, mansion formerly inhabited by Mr. Thomas Hope, who had died in it, and then belonging to his eldest son, Mr. Henry Thomas Hope. We should have imagined that Mr. Harness's biographer and friend

must have heard of this house, which, having been originally built on a large scale, and with fireproof materials, by a Lady Warwick, in the last century, passed into the hands of Mr. Hope about the beginning of this century. Its new possessor not only enlarged it by the addition of spacious picture and statue galleries, but decorated the house throughout on principles of the application of art to domestic purposes so strange to the views of that time that Sydney Smith took occasion, from the publication of a sumptuous volume written and illustrated by the owner in description of the building and of its contents, to cut up book and author in the *Edinburgh* for the extravagance of supposing that beauty of form could or need be imparted to the furniture of common life. On his arrival at the house, Mr. Harness heard from the porter that an express had just reached London—for railways were not available from Kent in 1839, and electric telegraphs did not exist—stating that at the moment of his dream (and not upon “the night after,” as Mr. L'Estrange mistakenly puts it, thereby stripping the story of half its marvel), his friend, Mr. H. P. Hope, whom he had last heard of as abroad and well, had died at Bedgebury Park. It is unfortunate for the accuracy of the narrative, barring the total mistake of dates and of personages, that the stroke of description which Mr. L'Estrange has imported into his story happens to be utterly impossible. Mr. Harness found no “blinds down” and no “house” particularly “shut up,” for the entrance of the house in Duchess Street (a mansion built round a quadrangle) was under the blank wall of a picture gallery, and possessed no windows for blinds to be pulled down, although it was in a perpetual condition of being most completely shut up.

We do not tell this story by way of advancing any theory upon the vexed subject of dreams. That Mr. Harness did dream this particular one we know, and as it certainly was a curious coincidence, it will, we conclude, since Mr. L'Estrange has professed to publish it, be quoted among the current examples of remarkable dreams. Historical accuracy therefore called on us, who are acquainted with the actual facts, to rectify the unaccountable errors to which Mr. Harness's biographer has given currency. A few pages further on Mr. L'Estrange says:—“Alluding to the strange coincidence above mentioned in the case of Mr. Hope's death, and to other remarkable dreams, Mr. Harness related” a story of a dream prognosticating the death of a lady in the well-known railway accident at Staplehurst in 1865. We have no means of testing the facts of this anecdote, and in this case at least no names are ventured; but following as it does upon the blunders about the former dream, we may be pardoned for desiring corroborative evidence. We began by saying that we did not intend to preach a sermon, and to this good resolve we adhere. The errors which we have pointed out as having occurred in the short journey between the lips of the narrator and the pen of his biographer are sufficiently curious to deserve record as a warning to future writers and future theorizers, connected as they are in Mr. L'Estrange's pages with persons so distinguished as the author of *Anastasis* and the General who stood next to Wellington in the Peninsula.

In reference to another anecdote with which Thomas Hope was really connected, Mr. L'Estrange affirms the claims of Miss Catherine Fanshawe to the authorship of the enigma on the letter “H” so perversely and pertinaciously attributed to Byron. It was, really written, as he states, by Miss Fanshawe at Mr. Hope's seat, The Deepdene, near Dorking. We may add that the original transcript, headed “Enigma written at the Deepdene, 1816,” in Miss Fanshawe's handwriting, and authenticated by her initials, exists in the “Deepdene Album,” an interesting manuscript collection of *vers de société* by well-known men and women of literature, contributed during the earlier part of the century, which is still preserved at Bedgebury Park. The first words of the enigma, as Mr. L'Estrange rightly states, on Mr. Harness's authority, run—“’Twas in Heaven pronounced”; and not, as usually printed, “’Twas whispered in Heaven.”

THE DRAMATIC COMPLETION OF “EDWIN DROOD.”

WE have enjoyed the advantage of visiting the Surrey Theatre, and we hasten to inform our readers that the most terrific and agonizing of modern dramas is now being enacted at that house. Take the tale of the “Veiled Prophet” in *Lalla Rookh*, and combine it with the last act of *Romeo and Juliet*, and you will be able to form some faint and distant conception of the banquet of horrors which is nightly spread for the visitors to the Surrey Theatre. The scene of *Lalla Rookh* is laid in what an eminent personage calls the Orient, and the scene of *Romeo and Juliet* is laid in Italy, and the action in both cases occurs in some remote and turbulent age; but here we have what, if we aimed at fine writing, we should call a drama of the cathedral charnel-house, of which the time is present, and the place sometimes London, and sometimes, as we take it, Canterbury. The author, with justifiable self-assertion, takes credit to himself for “the originality of the fourth act,” which, in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style of theatrical literature, may vainly seek its fellow upon any stage. The “drama of thrilling interest,” called *Edwin Drood*, is followed, according to the playbill, by the “extraordinary drama” of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. We may remark that, if Mr. Tom Taylor's popular play is extraordinary, the development of Mr. Dickens's unfinished novel for stage purposes must be super-extraordinary,

to say the least. The manager has engaged Mr. Henry Neville to play the principal character in both dramas, and those who have seen him in Bob Brierley will sympathize in our regret that forcible abduction and murder, perpetrated by John Jasper, should be his principal line of business for many weeks or months to come. We remember that Mr. Charles Mathews took to poisoning, and shortly afterwards departed to Australia; so perhaps Mr. Neville is passing through certain stages of his career which, although not glorious, are, it may be hoped, lucrative. It is a pity that Mr. Dickens is not with us to describe in his earliest and best style the drama which has been founded on his own latest story. If we may venture to take a hint from Jomini's method of writing the life of Napoleon, we may suppose that the adapter meets the author in the Elysian fields, and describes to him the dramatic treatment of *Edwin Drood*. The function of Mr. Neville in the early scenes of the play is to glower, and we think that he would certainly have been engaged by Mr. Vincent Crummies for the part of the man in the cloak who said, “Beware!” and who had come among a festal assembly with no apparent object except perhaps with an eye to the spoons and forks upon the sideboard. He is the uncle of Edwin Drood, in whose betrothed, Rosa, he inspires an undefined horror while cherishing for her a secret love. He murders Edwin to prevent his marrying Rosa, and then learns that the young people had found out that they were not fond enough of each other to marry. He proposes marriage to Rosa while she still wears mourning for the lost Edwin, and talks darkly about dedicating his life to the discovery of the murderer, who is suggested to be Rosa's other lover, Landless. We should say that in the domestic-tragic region of the drama it would be difficult to go beyond this view. Presently we see Rosa taking tea with her guardian, Mr. Grewgious, at his chambers, whence he presumably conducts her to an apartment at an hotel in Furnival's Inn. No sooner has he departed than a woman calls at the hotel and induces her to descend from her room, whereupon two men seize her, wrap her in a cloak, and carry her off in a cab. We may suppose that this deed of violence was done yesterday, and that the newspapers are at this moment inquiring “Where were the police?” The remainder of the original fourth act passes in the vaults of Cloisterham Cathedral. The tipsy sexton Durdles is asleep upon a flat-topped tomb. To him enters Landless, the lover of Rosa, and suspected of the murder of Edwin Drood. He is disguised to look much older than he is, and passes under the name of Datchery. He rouses the sexton, who recounts a dream suitable to the situation and circumstances. The sexton opens the door of a family vault, and he and Landless descend into it to make a search suggested by the dream. Hereupon appears John Jasper, bearing in his arms the abducted and insensible Rosa, whom he places upon the flat-topped tomb. After a soliloquy by Jasper, the girl awakes, and finds herself in a position which may be best described as a cross between that of Juliet in the tomb of all the Capulets and Desdemona in her bed-chamber. Jasper makes passionate love, which is rejected, whereupon he explains that he has murdered Edwin Drood and placed his body in quicklime in the family vault, to which he directs her attention, and he threatens, if she does not yield to his suit, to bury her alive in the tomb, which contains all that has escaped destruction of her betrothed. All this talk takes a considerable time, and the sexton and Landless have remained so long in the vault that we begin to think they must have forgotten to come back, as once happened at a provincial performance of *Hamlet*, when the gravedigger, having finished his business, departed by a subterranean passage, which probably afforded a short cut to the public-house which is always round the corner of a theatre. However, the sexton and Landless return in the nick of time, when Jasper, bearing in his arms the shrieking and struggling Rosa, is entering the vault. Constables and inhabitants of Cloisterham appear in answer to shouts for help, and if there could be any doubt of Jasper's guilt, it is removed by the production of a ring, which shows that the destroyed body was that of Drood, and of a portion of a scarf known to have belonged to Jasper, and apparently torn from him by his victim in a mortal struggle. The question, “Where are the police?” has been answered satisfactorily at Cloisterham, and it has been proved that the arm of the law is long enough to reach, and the power of the law strong enough to punish, the murderer of Edwin Drood. Jasper, like a modern Iago, receives a general tribute of execration until the curtain falls upon this awful and tremendous scene.

This remarkable play may, we fear, rather spoil the interest of a curious literary experiment which is now proceeding. We have before us two numbers of a continuation by another hand of the unfinished work of Mr. Dickens. We are told that hints had been supplied unwittingly by the deceased author “for an estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten” of the story. There is a vagueness in this language which is perhaps considered suitable to the mystery of the plot. Mr. Dickens published six numbers of the story, and two have been published of the continuation; and if the whole story is to be made to run out to Mr. Dickens's usual length, it appears to us that considerable skill will be required to keep the mystery undivulged until near the end. We have at present only got as far as this, that Miss Landless, who is a much more formidable person in the story than in the play, has procured from a physician a potent drug, which is described as “the means of bringing this man Jasper to justice by his own mouth.” The reference which the

authors of the continuation make to Mr. Dickens's unconscious revelations of his purpose in the story reminds us of the discussions which occupied the literary world when Richardson was writing *Clarissa Harlowe*. Ladies of rank and fashion used to write to the novelist to entreat that the virtue of Clarissa might not be allowed to fall before the assaults of Lovelace. If Mr. Dickens were alive, we should be almost tempted to express a wish that the mystery might be revealed without forcing us to descend in imagination into the vaults of Cloisterham Cathedral. At the risk of being thought by Mr. Dickens's admirers profane, we venture to say that we feel no interest in his mystery. But it pleases the authors of the continuation to assume that they are conveying a benefit as well as a pleasure to the world in setting at rest the speculations to which the mystery has given rise. It appears that besides the drama and the story in England two or three dramatic "continuations" have been attempted in America. We are assured by the English patentees that these American interlopers have not penetrated the mystery. It may be that we, as well as they, have fallen into a snare, and possibly the author of the drama of thrilling interest at the Surrey Theatre has unjustly accused Jasper of being the murderer of Edwin Drood. It seems to us, however, that there can only be two questions—first, was Edwin Drood murdered? and, secondly, who did it? The interview of Miss Landless with the physician seems to answer both questions, and it is difficult to see how the interest of the story can be maintained further. The characters which Mr. Dickens sketched can scarcely be finished by any other hand. He has done enough in the six numbers which he wrote to supply the stage with two characters which greatly relieve the painful influence of the glowering of Jasper. Mr. Grewgious, who sometimes fails to express what he means, and sometimes does not mean what he fails to express, is a picture which could be drawn only by one hand; and we feel tolerably reconciled to the atmosphere of the cathedral chancel-house so long as we have Durdles with his bottle for our companion. We fear that the drama will kill the story, but perhaps the world will put up with the loss of it.

REVIEWS.

POSTE'S GAIUS.*

IT is not surprising, if one remembers the long apathy of our scholars towards the study of Roman law, that more than half a century elapsed after the marvellous resuscitation of the long-lost manuscript of Gaius before an edition of the book appeared in this country. It is, however, rather a startling fact, and one very significant of a rising tide of interest in a subject hitherto neglected among us, that no fewer than three English editions of this masterpiece of legal exposition have appeared within the last three years.

If a "Romance of Bibliography" should ever be compiled, by far its most interesting chapter would be that which tells the story of the *Institutiones* of Gaius. Written in the golden age of Roman jurisprudence, by one of the five great jurists whose opinions were looked upon as almost infallible and received at length binding authority as law; for three hundred years the universal text-book of the schools, till so much of it as was suited to the changed circumstances of the times was incorporated into the now better known *Institutes* of Justinian; quoted and used by the barbarian conquerors of the Western Empire, but soon disappearing so utterly that for more than a thousand years not a single copy of it was ever met with—nowonder that its very name inspired the modern civilian, who knew Roman law almost exclusively as it existed in the sixth century, with a vain regret for a work in which he might have found a living picture of that law as it was under the Antonines. It is not the least of Niebuhr's titles to the gratitude of scholars that, on his way to Rome as Prussian Minister, he employed a sojourn of a few days at Verona in exploring the treasures of the Chapter Library, and detected there, under the outward semblance of a commonplace volume of the *Epistles* of St. Jerome, what proved to be the only manuscript in the world of what is probably the best law book ever written.

What Niebuhr saw may still be seen by any one on application to the courteous Canon who has charge of the cathedral library. A small quarto volume of 127 leaves, now carefully packed in a wooden case, exhibits selections from St. Jerome, written on both sides of each leaf. Underneath this writing, however, are visible shadowy characters of an older type, and under these again the ghostly traces of a still more ancient writing. About sixty pages are thus doubly palimpsest. The lines of the lower writing sometimes run under, but sometimes between, those of the upper writing, and here and there, by the application of an infusion of gail, they have been rendered tolerably legible. In the lowest characters of all Niebuhr detected phrases of Roman law, and from a transcript which he sent to Savigny, that wonderful jurist was able to guess that the original manuscript was a copy of the much wished-for work of Gaius. It is well known that Savigny was right. The original manuscript was a beautifully, though unintelligently, written copy of Gaius, made early in the sixth century. One leaf of the work became

detached from the rest, and has a separate history of its own. It has suffered very little, and has been placed by the present librarian between two plates of glass. *Fido crystallo commisit*, the worthy Canon states of himself, in a neat inscription. The bulk of the volume was after a time treated as waste paper. A perversely industrious monk, after washing and scraping it to the best of his ability, made considerable progress in covering its pages with extracts from St. Jerome. A later hand, dissatisfied apparently with the unfinished work, once more washed and scraped the sheepskin, and, beginning afresh, filled the whole volume with St. Jerome's *Epistles*. It would take too long to tell how, thanks to the Berlin Academy, and to a series of scholars, from Göschen to Studemund, the *Institutiones* of Gaius have actually been deciphered in spite of the two intervening strata of theology; or to describe the magical effect produced upon the study of Roman law and civilization by the reappearance of a teacher who had ceased to instruct for more than a thousand years.

Such is the work which, after passing through editions innumerable on the Continent, has at length been taken in hand by English editors. First in the field were Dr. Tomkins and Mr. Lemon of the University of London, whose book, published in 1869, is of considerable size and pretension. In the following year Professor Abdy and Mr. Walker of Cambridge published an edition on a small scale; and now Mr. Poste of Oxford has produced a goodly volume, which appears as one of the Clarendon Press series. Our present concern is with the Oxford edition only. We confess that an unfavourable impression was produced upon our mind at the outset by the title of Mr. Poste's book. He has called it *The Elements of Roman Law by Gaius*. Now Gaius was the author of many works, but none of them was ever called *The Elements of Roman Law*. The title of this particular book, though wanting in the Verona manuscript, is perfectly well known to have been *Institutiones*, or, more fully, *Institutiones Juris Civilis*; and it would have been worthier of Mr. Poste's rank as a scholar to have respected this venerable superscription than to have substituted for it one which he may suppose to be more popularly attractive. The point would be of comparatively small importance did it not in fact strike a keynote to the execution of the work as a whole. Mr. Poste treats Gaius throughout somewhat *de haut en bas*; as a highly respectable personage, but deficient in the lights afforded by modern juristic speculation, and in the graces of a modern style. The book might not unfairly be described as "the elements of law in general, and of Roman law in particular, *à propos* of certain fragments of an ancient author." It is a good and useful book in many respects, but it is not a good edition of Gaius. As such it contains too much and too little. It errs on the side of excess, in presenting us with a great deal of matter condensed from Austin's *Province of Jurisprudence*, which has nothing to do with Roman law; and with copious compilations from Puchta and Savigny upon Roman law, which have often very little to do with Gaius. It is true that Mr. Poste's exposition of Austin's theories is skilful; and that his statements upon Roman law generally, so far as we have tested them, are, considering the dimensions of the subject, most creditably accurate. He has read the right books, has quite understood what he has read, and has worked the results of his reading into the right places in his notes; where, however, some more specific acknowledgment might perhaps have been made of his obligations to Continental writers than is suggested by a few civil words in the preface about the French and German authorities. We do not say that the matter contained in the Commentary is not of excellent quality. We merely assert that much of it is out of place. Literary boundaries really must be respected. A book to live must have a distinct subject, and must keep within its limits. Treatises upon abstract law, and attempts to cover the whole field of Roman law, with occasional references to English parallels, are scarcely within the proper limits of an edition of Gaius.

The result of the intrusion of comparatively alien matter into the book is that much which we might expect to find there is absent. The account of Gaius himself, and of the fortunes of his unique manuscript, is singularly meagre and vague. No connected account is given of the other sources of our knowledge of the work. There is no list of the editions of the book, or of useful monographs upon it; no discussion of Dr. Dornburg's theory that it consists merely of notes for lectures. So far is this neglect of the whole literature of the subject carried, that no reference is made to the two other English editions. The text is simply reprinted from Gneist's *Syntaxma*, without any attempt at an *apparatus criticus*; which, in the case of a work known only from a single manuscript, might so readily have been supplied, and would have been of unusual interest. No references are given to the parallel passages in the *Institutes* of Justinian. It is true that one should "in every work regard the author's end"; and as Mr. Poste probably did not intend to give us a critical edition, though he does not say so, some of these sins of omission may be condoned, if the book is otherwise a good one after its own fashion. We cannot say unreservedly that this is the case. Upon opening the table of contents, we find that the author has been stretched upon a Procrustean bed of modern theory. His first book is re-named "Status, or Unequal Rights"; the second book is labelled "Equal Rights," and so on. In the body of the work, where a rubric should come at the commencement of a subject, blank spaces are often left in the Verona manuscript, apparently through the idleness of the transcriber. Mr. Poste has supplied the deficiency, sometimes from Justinian's *Institutes*, sometimes from his own invention. We accordingly get

* *Gaii Institutionum Juris Civilis Commentarii Quatuor*; or, *Elements of Roman Law by Gaius*. With a Translation and Commentary. By Edward Poste, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

such rubrics as "ministeria adquisitionis," and "stipulationes accessorie." This strikes us as an over-confident manner of treating an ancient author; but this is nothing to the way in which Mr. Poste goes to work in his translation. A continuous translation of the entire work is, indeed, in our opinion, a waste of space, and likely to be useful to neither of the classes of persons for whom it is intended by Mr. Poste. "Advanced scholars unfamiliar with the conceptions of Roman jurisprudence" would surely have been content with occasional translations of technically difficult passages; and the attempt to enable "those who profess little knowledge of Latin" to labour under an impression that they have come into contact with the *ipsissima verba* of an ancient writer, appears to us to be on a par with a device of which we have heard, by which ladies with a taste for divinity, but with no exceptional knowledge of languages, are to be helped to read the New Testament in the original by means of a Greek text printed in English characters. A translation, however, if we are to have one, whether for advanced scholars or for people who are no scholars, should, if possible, reflect the style of the original author, while it should at all events express his meaning with scrupulous accuracy. Now the style of Gaius has been not inaptly compared to that of Herodotus. He tells his story in the same easy and natural manner; but his sentences have also much of the finish and compactness of Tacitus. Mr. Poste's translation reminds us of the original in the same disagreeable way in which a verse in the Douay Bible reminds us of the Authorised Version. It is too modern to express fitly the pleasant simplicity of the old jurist; but, what is far more serious, Mr. Poste takes great liberties with what Gaius really says. On the one hand an attempt is made to turn the translation into a commentary, as where the curt phrase, I § 5, referring to the controverted *lex regia*, "Cum ipse imperator per legem imperium accipiat," is expanded into—"as the statute which invests the Emperor with his office confers upon him the whole power of the people." On the other hand, we have attempts to present the ideas of Gaius in a modern dress. Where, for instance, the author promises to explain a distinction, *suis locis*, the translator tells us that it shall be traced "through all the branches of the Code." One or other of these tendencies is exemplified in most of the following instances. The translation of IV. § 182 contains four lines to which there is nothing corresponding in the original. They are a loose paraphrase of a conjectural restoration of the conclusion of the section, which finds no place in the text as printed from Gneist. So in IV. § 127 Gaius tells us that it is necessary to add a *Duplicatio*; but the translation runs, "the Prætor adds a clause called *Duplicatio*." Single words constantly appear in the translation which are non-existent in the text—e.g., I. § 6, &c., *Latini* is always translated *Latini Juniani*. Gaius doubtless alluded to this class of persons, but as he thought it sufficient to describe them as *Latini*, Mr. Poste might have followed his example. Conversely, words are omitted. When Gaius talks of "the Prætor's edict," why should the translator speak merely of "the edict"? In many instances Mr. Poste cuts down the statements of the original to their very lowest dimensions. Thus Gaius says, IV. § 110, "Quo loco admonendi sumus eas quidem actiones quæ ex lege senatusve consultis proficiuntur perpetuo solere Prætorem accomodare: eas vero quæ ex propria ipsius jurisdictione pendunt plerumque intra annum dare." The translation says merely—"Actions founded on a law, or senatusconsultum, are perpetual; those founded on the edict are usually annual." No doubt the sense of the passage is summarized fairly enough; but "those who profess little knowledge of Latin" must beware of supposing that they have here the words of Gaius. Mr. Poste is not consistent in his treatment of such words as "senatusconsultum," which he sometimes employs unaltered in his translation, sometimes turns into "senatusconsult"; and so he talks of "Plebiscites," "Benefice of Inventory," and "mancipable." As a mere matter of taste we should prefer that such phrases were left unanglicized; nor do we think that anything is gained by varying the translation of *heres* to suit its various analogies, or by representing *scriptus heres* by "devisee."

Turning from the Translation to the Commentary, we find that it occurs in masses, separated generally by a considerable number of sections of the text. In defence of this arrangement it may be said that the topics treated of by Gaius are so much parts of a system, and are also likely to be so unfamiliar to the reader, that they can best be explained by a connected statement with reference to each department of law to which a group of sections is devoted. This we conceive to be a valid argument for inserting in such an edition of Gaius detailed excursions upon particular departments of law, so long at least as there are no available institutional works to which the English reader can be referred upon such topics; but we do not admit that it is any justification for the substitution of such a commentary as that now before us for one which patiently follows the text from line to line, and disposes of each difficulty as it arises. The commentary by masses is certain to miss endless little features of the author to which attention should be called; such, for instance, as the fact that II. § 37 is repeated in III. 87, and to leave unexplained really difficult passages such as IV. § 182. With the statements contained in the Commentary we have little fault to find. Here and there we have not thought it perfectly satisfactory. We should have expected, for instance, that some attention would have been called to the difference of opinion which exists as to the true meaning of the *jus quod ad personas pertinet*. The account of the Jurists, p. 23, is very meagre, omitting all mention of the Emperor Hadrian. The Commentary

upon Testaments and the *querela inofficiorum* is inadequate; as is also what is said about Suretyship. The reader might suppose, for anything said to the contrary, that *correus* is a usual classical phrase. The historical succession of the laws affecting the liability of sureties is not clearly brought out, and no intimation is given that the relief afforded by the Epistle of Hadrian was that commonly known as the *Beneficium divisionis*. The *Beneficium ordinis* is altogether unnoticed. We are also inclined to believe with Savigny, in spite of one dubious passage from Julian, that Mr. Poste is in error when he states (p. 324) that a *fidejussor* paying the whole debt could demand from the creditor a cession of the actions against the confidejussores as well as against the principal debtor. His remarks upon the so-called *actiones adjectivæ qualitatis* (p. 451) are likely to mislead. Following a passage of Justinian, Mr. Poste makes an assertion as to the liability of the paterfamilias in a *condictio*, which, though it is true in a sense, needs careful explanation to show that the case in which it holds good is quite exceptional, the general rule being the other way. Again, we are quite unable to agree with Mr. Poste's statement (p. 480), that "the formulary procedure contained nothing corresponding to the English system of pleading"; nor does it even appear to us consistent with what he says (p. 437) as to what took place before the Prætor in chambers. If he has not succeeded in clearing up the history of execution and bankruptcy, the fault may fairly be attributed to the nature of his materials. On the other hand, he is perfectly perspicuous upon many topics. His account of "Pledge," for instance, is unexceptionable; so is what he says of "slavery" and of the *patria potestas*. His remarks upon Jurisprudence, though out of place, are often acute and valuable. We may mention especially what he says upon "marriage" and upon the word "Rea." He has also taken great pains with the cardinal distinction between "sanctioned" and "sanctioning" rights. If this has been made thoroughly clear, we do not grudge him the use of the largest capitals at the command of the University printer. We must really protest against Mr. Poste's suggestion that the book may be more easily understood if it is read backwards. Our advice to students would be most decidedly that they should read the book in the order in which the author saw fit to write it.

After pointing out not a few defects in the work before us, it may be necessary to repeat that it is, in many respects, a good and useful work, and likely to be of service in promoting the intelligent study of law. It would, however, be disrespectful to Mr. Poste not to try his edition by a very high standard, and, tried by such a standard, we do not find it wholly satisfactory.

HOTTEN ON LITERARY COPYRIGHT.*

MR. HOTTEN, the publisher in Piccadilly, has given to the world seven letters addressed, by permission, to Lord Stanhope, on the subject of literary copyright. The book thus formed does not, as Mr. Hotten remarks, constitute a complete treatise on the matter. Indeed his remarks refer to so many distinct topics that it is difficult to give a summary of the results. We will confine ourselves, therefore, to the points which are most insisted on, and in which Mr. Hotten presumably takes the greatest interest. The first letter deals with the general principles involved. The second points out a consequence of certain rights secured by the Act of 1842 to authors of books already published. The next three discuss the question of copyright in public speeches. The sixth touches upon international copyright; and the last is chiefly occupied with a suggestion as to an improved system of registration.

Mr. Hotten has the practical experience which qualifies him to discuss the various questions involved; and indeed, as will be seen directly, a large part of the book is substantially a justification of his own conduct in a particular case. The leading proposition from which he starts may be said to be that in this instance the legal is also the measure of the moral obligation. Copyright, as we need not say, is the creature of law, and hence it is argued that, so long as a publisher does not break the law, it is impossible for him to do wrong. Foolish people allege, indeed, that "the law permits us to do many things which we ought not to permit ourselves to do—things which good feeling and a proper sense of what is due to the equitable claims of others forbid as imperatively as any law." The "obvious answer" to this, in Mr. Hotten's opinion, is that "considerations of that kind only apply to the case of matters outside the domain of law, while copyright questions are strictly within it." We fail to see the cogency of this reply. The law can in any case only reach certain gross and palpable infringements of the rules by which an honourable man would hold himself bound. A man who should only act towards his wife and children as the law compels him to act would be a scoundrel; a trader who should always manage just to evade actual infringement of the law in commercial matters might be morally contemptible, though not criminally liable; and the burden of proof certainly rests upon the reasoner who asserts that in any relation of life the fields covered by law and morality are precisely coincident. Copyright is the creation of law, in the same sense as property in land is the creation of law; and if a landlord may make a mean use of his rights, we can see no reason why a publisher or an author may not do the same. However, it will be better to take the particular cases by which Mr. Hotten illustrates his position.

* *Literary Copyright*. By J. C. Hotten. London: J. C. Hotten. 1871.

In one well-known case custom has, to a certain extent, got in advance of law. American publishers show more or less respect for the rights of foreign authors, and Englishmen have actually received from American houses large sums for their works, though, as we need hardly say, matters are very far from being on a satisfactory footing. Most authors are naturally glad of what seems to them an instalment of justice; but Mr. Hotten rebukes their simplicity. If our authors, he says, would only "combine, as American publishers combine, and forego the miserable doles and insulting gratuities which come to them from the other side of the Atlantic," the present system would be broken up, and then—so Mr. Hotten assures us—a cry would spring up in America for international copyright. Without this aid, he thinks, nothing will be done. We are sorry if this be true; for we fear that English writers have a certain hankering after those "miserable doles and insulting gratuities" which will make combination difficult. We have, however, a difficulty in following Mr. Hotten's reasoning. His chief objection to the system now existing appears to be that American publishers have a very objectionable plan of considering that whoever has published the first work of an English writer has a claim to all his subsequent works. It needs no proof that this operates very much against the interests of English authors; but the fact that the present arrangements are defective seems to be a bad reason for making them worse. We should be more inclined to cherish any sentiment of justice that may exist, and to trust to the law following the line already marked out by private morality.

Without, however, discussing this rather complicated problem, we will take another subject in which Mr. Hotten is personally interested. There is at present no copyright in speeches. Even a professor—and Mr. Hotten admits that this is a grievance—cannot secure the copyright of his lectures without going through a troublesome formality. A speaker in the House of Commons has no protection at all. Everybody remembers the case of Lord Macaulay's speeches, and the indignation which he expressed at Mr. Vizetelly's mangled edition. Another instance has recently occurred. Mr. Hotten tells us that he has published a collected edition of Mr. Bright's speeches in a cheap form, which, he thinks, was not rendered "wholly superfluous" by the fact that Professor Rogers had published an edition sanctioned by Mr. Bright himself. He has done the same kind service for other eminent speakers, and thinks that he has thereby "conferred a benefit at least upon readers with slender purses." He frankly admits that the increase of his own profits, and not a national service, was his chief motive, but is proud to think that those profits are "derived from his own resources, and not from somebody else's"—those of the speaker, for example. The strict legality of the proceeding is admitted, and Mr. Hotten defends its morality. In fact, upon his showing, the one includes the other.

Now we will not inquire whether Mr. Hotten is acting as a high-minded and public-spirited person would act. It is very difficult to affix precise meaning to these words. But we will say a few words upon the simpler question—whether on the whole the right of publishing such works is beneficial to the country in a large sense? The first remark that occurs is obvious. The public of course gains by the cheapness of the books, as it would gain if Mr. Hotten could publish Mr. Tennyson's poems or Mr. Mill's treatises without asking leave of the author. Mr. Bright loses in proportion as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Mill would lose in a similar case. Is there any good reason why a speech should be less protected than a poem? The general justification of copyright rests upon the obvious policy of encouraging literature by tangible rewards. Now few people would grudge to Mr. Bright the profits derivable from the sale of works of literary art which are as admirable in their way as those of a poet or a philosopher. But we may admit that one consideration is perhaps stronger in the case of the latter classes of writers. Mr. Bright—as Mr. Hotten appears to intimate, and as is probably true—would make just as good speeches in the absence as in the presence of copyright. Many other books—as Mr. Hotten shows by some very apposite examples—would not be written at all if it were not for the hope of profit. Speech-making will thrive without a protection which is necessary to other varieties of literature. We do not deny what force there may be in this argument; but it strikes us as an unworthy mode of treating the question. Speeches have not been made the subject of copyright because, as a rule, speakers are only too glad to have their remarks published by anybody. When, however, we find a specimen of that genus—so rare in these islands—the heaven-born orator, it seems rather a pettifogging proceeding to deprive him of rights which other literary artists enjoy because he would perhaps thrive without them. Who would not have wished Bolingbroke, or Chatham, or Burke, or Sheridan, to say nothing of Mr. Bright, to receive some direct advantage from performances which were an honour to the English language? Moreover, we should think it highly desirable that the orator should have every inducement to make his works as perfect as possible by personal supervision. Here, however, we find that Mr. Hotten differs from us. He objects to the power of revision. He does not deny that the reports are frequently defective in a high degree, except indeed in the special case of a slow speaker like Mr. Bright; nor does he offer any argument against the obvious remark that Mr. Bright is the proper person to correct Mr. Bright's language, as Mr. Tennyson is the proper person to correct Mr. Tennyson's verses. But then, he says, a speaker has often an inducement to mutilate his speeches unfairly. Mr. Bright, for example, though

Mr. Hotten is not so stern a moralist as to speak severely in his case, has allowed certain passages to be omitted containing sharp reflections upon some of his contemporaries. Nay, Mr. Hotten seems to think it a grievance that an author should be allowed to suppress early works of which he has retained the copyright. These omitted passages, he says, are matters of history, and ought to be recorded. We have a right to know that Mr. Bright, in 1858, said something about Lord Russell, which he did not choose to repeat ten years afterwards. Mr. Tennyson wrote some poor poetry, which would be interesting as an illustration of the mode of development of his powers. This is true enough, and the historian of the future need only turn to "Hansard" or the *Times* to discover Mr. Bright's utterances as reported at the moment, as the literary historian will probably search for early editions of Mr. Tennyson's juvenile works. But we are weak enough to think it rather hard that an author should not be allowed a power of suppression until the time when living animosities are decayed, and the question has fairly passed into the hands of the historian. Then, if anybody cares about the matter, there will be plenty of annotated editions, with the insertion of suppressed passages. Meanwhile, if Mr. Bright said some things which to his maturer judgment appear unduly harsh, it is surely hard that an enterprising publisher should fill the country with cheap editions of his speeches, where the style is mutilated or patched by a penny-a-liner, and from which stump orators may pull all the flowers of speech which their author desired to bury. Mr. Hotten is facetious over Lord Macaulay's indignation at being made to talk about the "pandects of Benares." "I am afraid," says Mr. Hotten—and so are we—"that there are a good many young men possibly quite capable of pulling stroke oar in a University match who would pass over such a passage without being struck by any absurdity." Perhaps, however, Lord Macaulay was desirous of a reputation with critics of a rather higher order. Scholars will sympathize rather more warmly than Mr. Hotten seems disposed to do with an able and accurate writer who sees his language travestied by incapable reproducers in order to fill the pockets of an enterprising publisher. In the matter of suppression we fear that the evil is of a rather different kind from that which Mr. Hotten describes. A lad of twenty writes some intolerable rubbish, and afterwards becomes famous; or perhaps, when already famous, he scribbles some trifles for the amusement of friends. He rightly thinks them unworthy of his fame, and tries to suppress them. An enterprising publisher gets hold of them as soon as the copyright is extinct, trades on the name of the author, perhaps trades on the feelings of his surviving relatives, and insists upon publishing the rejected scraps. His justification is that he is doing a public service to history, and that, in Mr. Tennyson's words,

'Tis but right the many-headed beast should know.

The many-headed beast has quite sufficient opportunities of information, without our attempting to hasten the period at which, under any circumstances, these slips of eminent men must become public property. We hope we are not wrong in assuming that Mr. Hotten would be above such practices; but his argument goes to sanction them.

As matters stand, the law will give a man no redress for republications of his speeches by other persons; and there are obvious difficulties, which may perhaps be insuperable, in the way of making an improvement in the law. That is just the reason why we should be glad to see the legal outstripped by the moral obligation; and if publishers cannot be restrained from such actions, and do not think them unjust or unfair, we can only say that the sooner public morality improves in this matter, and they are considered unworthy of a respectable tradesman, the better it will be for the country.

MISS YONGE'S CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. SECOND SERIES.*

MISS YONGE'S present book has outgrown the idea suggested by its title. As the "Cameos" first appeared from time to time in the pages of a small magazine, the title was not inappropriate for a series of sketches, arranged in chronological order, but which did not necessarily amount to anything like a complete or consecutive history. But, in their present shape at least, they do amount to something very like a complete and consecutive history. Miss Yonge warns us that the narrative is not "full or exhaustive." We should not be so unreasonable as to expect that a book in such a form and on such a scale should be full and exhaustive. But we do say that the "Cameos" have grown out of cameos into a consecutive narrative, and that they must be dealt with accordingly. Like all that Miss Yonge writes, this account of the Hundred Years' War—which is what it really comes to, though we think she nowhere uses that convenient name—is well and pleasantly written, and with a conscientious desire to be fair and accurate. Deep below the surface it does not go, and we do not expect it to go; but it certainly does, as Miss Yonge hopes it may do, "present a collection of historical scenes and portraits such as the young might find it difficult to form for themselves without access to a very complete library." Scenes and portraits, such as we suppose first of all suggested the name of "Cameos," form the staple of the book. And the time with which Miss

* *Cameos from English History. The Wars in France.* By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." Second Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

Yonge is at present dealing is specially rich in scenes and portraits, while the constitutional aspect of the times comes less naturally to the surface than in some other periods. In the thirteenth century, for instance, the constitutional history is nearly everything; it is the constitutional history which supplies the scenes and portraits. The heroes of the time are the heroes of English freedom; military events are subordinate to constitutional struggles; the sword is less prominently drawn in foreign warfare than in the civil strife into which constitutional struggles unavoidably grew. Even at the end of the century, when we get a few years of what is not strictly civil war, it is still political war, war within our own island, war waged to unite our island into one political whole. But in the time from Edward the Third to Henry the Sixth, war beyond sea, the great Hundred Years' War, is the thing which comes at once to the surface. The political events of the time were mostly gradual changes, which the foreign wars largely helped to promote, but which do not stand out like the winning of the Great Charter and the fights of Lewes and Evesham. The silent advances which the power of Parliament made during this time are not rich in scenes and portraits; and what politically is the great event of all, the great day when Parliament deposed one King and chose another, has somehow got an awkward look about it, and, if looked at as material for scenes and portraits, there is a great temptation, which Miss Yonge has not wholly got over, to turn it about the wrong way. But in the military part there is a constant supply of that chivalrous incident which, we suppose, will always be specially attractive to a female writer, even to one raised so high above the average of her class as Miss Yonge certainly is. And in the latter part of the story we get something better than chivalry. The two great brothers, Henry the Fifth and Duke John of Bedford, are something very different from mere knights errant; yet at the same time they are exactly cut out for the supply of scenes and portraits. And they are old favourites of Miss Yonge's, as every one knows who has read—and we hope that most people have read—her charming tale of the *Caged Lion*. We are glad to meet them again under her hands, essentially the same, though now clothed in the soberer garb of history. Then towards the end we get the great wonder of the Maid, who, we need not say, calls out Miss Yonge's fullest sympathies. Her treatment of this part of her story strikes us as singularly judicious. She does full and hearty justice to Joan, and—a point which we will not venture to argue—she is evidently inclined to put some faith in her supernatural mission. At the same time she does equal justice to the English of Joan's own time, who could not be expected to look on her as either saint or heroine. Of course the question was whether she was a saint or a witch; in those days she could not fail to be one or the other. The English naturally thought that she was a witch, and they were not indisposed to add the other epithets which the ballad applies to Queen Guenevere when she could not put on the mantle. And Miss Yonge very well points out that, saint and heroine as Joan certainly was, there was little about her to call forth any purely chivalrous feeling on the part of the men of her own side. As Miss Yonge puts it, she never became “a lady”; good and pure as she was, she was still the peasant girl, somewhat rough and unrefined. Some of the rougher and blunter of the French leaders, La Hire for instance, seem to have understood her better than the princes and nobles of higher degree. As for King Charles—as Englishmen we should rather say Uncle Charles, “notre oncle de France”—Miss Yonge has, rightly enough, no mercy on him, nor yet on Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. It is something that Joan's worst persecutor, and the man actually guilty of her death, was a Frenchman.

Miss Yonge meant to have gone on to the Battle of Bosworth, taking in the Wars of the Roses. But she found herself obliged to stop at the Congress of Arras, a far better point to our thinking. “Instead of being a history of the great tragedy of foreign invasion and family discord reaching from the reign of Edward the Third to the death of Richard the Third, this is rather the history of the struggles of Plantagenet and Valois, the Wars of the Roses being reserved for a later collection.” We could have wished that Miss Yonge had chosen an intermediate point—namely, the actual end of the Hundred Years' War. We always feel a special attraction towards the last scene of the struggle, when the men of Bordeaux for the last time pray for the help of the men of England against the common enemy, and when the noble Duchy which had for seven hundred years defied alike Aachen, Laon, and Paris was at last swallowed up in the common wilderness of French annexation. We feel that, when Talbot fell at Chastillon, he was not only fighting for the last trace of English dominion in Southern Gaul—he was also, whether he knew it or not, fighting for the existence of a people and a language. Still the Congress of Arras marks the time when, whatever might be the hopes of keeping any fragments of Norman and Aquitanian dominion, all hope passed away of keeping France as a kingdom attached to England. Therefore, though both the beginning and the ending seem a little abrupt, we hold that Miss Yonge does better in ending where she does than if she had gone on to the Battle of Bosworth. With that ending there would have been a temptation to point a variety of morals, and perhaps to see judgments on the ambition of Henry of Bolingbroke. The true way of looking at the York and Lancaster struggles is to bear in mind that a dynasty which owed its beginning to popular election became unfaithful to its origin, and that the House of York, though technically the representative of the dullest theory of hereditary right, was practically able to put

itself at the head of the popular and advancing interest in the country. Here, as in most cases throughout this period, the political lesson lies some way below the surface. We may perhaps put it more clearly by saying that it was under a dynasty whose right to the Crown rested on the Parliamentary deposition of an earlier King that, for the first and last time in England, the Parliamentary franchise was made more narrow. But this is perhaps hardly a view which could be brought out very forcibly in a series of “Cameos” like Miss Yonge's.

We need scarcely say that Miss Yonge tells her story throughout well and clearly. It is greatly to her credit that one who has had so much to do in the way of writing fiction should have been so little affected by so dangerous a practice when she comes to write serious history. The Henry the Fifth of the *Caged Lion* and the Henry the Fifth of the “Cameos” are essentially the same. And there is no reason why they should be otherwise. The portrait in the history is one which we believe to be an essentially true one; at the very least it is a view of Henry's character which Miss Yonge has a perfect right to maintain. The portrait in the romance is in every way the same, only touched up and brought out in a more lively way than would be allowable in a serious history. This is the way in which the historical romance becomes a real help to history, and it is none the worse when the same hand has so lucky a knack of turning out both the thing itself and its helper.

Miss Yonge has throughout paid great attention to foreign affairs and to the connexion of the events of which she has to speak with the general history of Europe. In reading the common accounts of those times, the reader is sure to be puzzled at the sudden way in which people from unexpected parts of the world appear without any kind of explanation of their presence, or indeed any kind of explanation who they were. Thus at Crecy we find a King of Bohemia, and, more mysterious still, at Poitiers a Duke of Athens. What were a King of Bohemia and a Duke of Athens doing in a war between England and France? Matters are not mended by bringing in, in a familiar and pathetic way, “the blind old King of Bohemia.” Miss Yonge knows better than this. We rather think she has shirked the Duke of Athens altogether, which, if only for the sake of Duke Theseus, is a little hard. But she is full and explicit about Henry of Lützelburg and his son, about Lewis of Bavaria and Charles the Fourth. No one who reads her account can have any difficulty about understanding what we doubt not is to many the mysterious line of Lord Macaulay about

Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow and Caesar's eagle shield.

Miss Yonge has also taken much pains with King Sigmund and the Council of Constance, which the name of good Bishop Hallam, if nothing else, directly connects with English history. Miss Yonge seems to have caught one side, the eccentric and erratic side, of the ungrammatical King very well indeed; but, after all, fond as Sigmund may have been of displaying himself in all parts of the world, we cannot help giving him credit for a real desire for ecclesiastical reformation. We rather think that Miss Yonge has made him, and one or two other people also, Emperors before their time. In the case of Sigmund the distinction is important. The privilege of being “super grammaticum” was conferred by the silver crowning of Aachen. It was shared by the “Rex Augustus,” and was not confined to the “Imperator semper Augustus.” Or, as the distinction of titles would seem to imply that, though the Emperor was always august, there were moments when the King was not, it may not be an ill guess that among those moments was that in which Sigmund made “schisma” of the feminine gender.

We ought to remark that the same taste for things Celtic which came out strongly in Miss Yonge's *History of Christian Names* comes out strongly also in the present volume, in the special care which she devotes to the affairs both of Wales and Brittany. We have nothing to say against this. Breton affairs are, in the fourteenth century, of special importance, and to most people they are not easy to understand. We thank her for the pains which she has bestowed on this and several other obscure parts of her subject.

A DECEASED-WIFE'S-SISTER NOVEL.*

THERE is a reasonable prejudice against novels “with a purpose.” In attempting to argue as well as to amuse, the writer aims at two objects which are not only distinct but in many respects antagonistic, and runs the risk of missing both. The usual result is that we get a story which is bad as art and worthless as argument. The story is strained and twisted to suit the theory which it is intended to fortify, and the argument is vitiated by the unreal and fanciful conditions on which it is based. The latest novel by the author of *John Halifax* is no exception to this rule. The advocates of unrestricted marriage with a wife's relations have so frequently crossed the line between fact and fiction in the voluminous literature of their costly and unscrupulous agitation, that it is not surprising to find them now transporting the question wholly into the region of romance. *Hannah* is rather a tract than a novel, and a tract in two volumes devoted to preaching up the duty of marrying our wives' sisters is apt to prove tedious, even when composed by a skillful and accomplished writer. In confining herself exclusively

* *Hannah*. By the Author of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

to the sister-in-law part of the question, the author has shown remarkable self-denial as a novelist. Much thrilling incident and picturesque pathos might have been got out of a mother-in-law's struggling passion for a consumptive daughter's husband, the ripening love of an elderly uncle for his wife's young and blooming niece, and similar pretty complications arising from the free play of elective affinities within the domestic circle, not like

—this world's wedlock, gross, gallant,
But pure, as when Amram married his aunt.

A new and fertile field has now been opened for lady novelists, and *Hannah* is perhaps the forerunner of a long series of marriage-law romances. We will try to give some idea of this odd bit of fiction.

Miss Hannah Thelluson, age twenty-eight, governess in the Countess of Dunsmore's family, a grave, shy, and rather sad person, suddenly and unexpectedly receives a letter from the Rev. Bernard Rivers, the widowed husband of her younger sister Rosa, who had died soon after the birth of her first baby, a few months before, entreating her to take charge of his household, and especially of her little motherless niece. He had, it appears, several sisters, but they were frivolous, unsympathetic girls, and very much out in society. He had tried a succession of nurses for his baby, but none of them knew how to manage her, and she was always crying. Miss Thelluson was flattered by this appeal, but wavered about yielding to it, until the thought of the baby—poor Rosa's baby!—decided her. She was "conscious of one great want in her nature—the need to be a mother to somebody or something." When she intimated her resolution to the Countess, that lady at once asked her whether she was aware that this was the only country in the world in which a young woman of her age and position could take the step she was contemplating. "Has it," she said, "never occurred to you that your brother-in-law is really no brother, no blood relation at all to you; and that in every country except England a man may marry his wife's sister?" This was said not with a view of dissuading Hannah from accepting the position, or in horror of the possible consequences, but with the glee of a missionary who foresees an approaching conversion. "My husband," the Countess added in explanation, "being one of those who uphold the Bill for legalizing such marriages, I am well up in the subject, and we both earnestly hope they will be legalized in time." Miss Thelluson not unnaturally blushed very much at the suggestion, and declared that in her case it would never come true. So she carried "her empty heart, with all its capacity for loving," to Easterham, and entered cheerfully and courageously on her new task. As she had feared, the poor infant had been quite neglected, but Aunt Hannah soon puts this all right. She quarrels with the nurse straight away, transfers the cradle to a more pleasant and wholesome room, and devotes herself to the child, who soon brightens up under such treatment. Of course we have a good deal of ecstatic gushing about "baby," and its "peaceful, heavenly dumbness," which, however, is not, we fancy, the common attribute of infants of that age. The child is her idol, and she worships it after the manner of doating women; but still it does not monopolize her whole attention. Her "empty heart" has ample room for the father as well. She owes a "duty," as she conceives, to him also—the duty of replacing his lost wife as far as a sister-in-law can; and she acts resolutely to work to measure out the "can."

Let us observe what manner of man and woman were thus brought together. As a governess, Hannah was a very grave, demure person; but she was still young, had sweet eyes and a well-proportioned figure, "which in motion had a willowy grace." She had also, we are informed, very nice round white arms. On the other hand, Mr. Rivers was a handsome man, "of the Norman type," of a warm, impulsive, affectionate nature, and very much disposed to throw his burdens upon others. This was the kind of man whom Hannah thought it was her "duty" to coax and pet, "placing herself at his beck and call every hour in the day, following him about obediently, as he evidently liked to be followed; in short, trying to devote herself to him as a nurse does to a sickly, naughty child—naughty because sickly." He had been crushed under his loss, but was now beginning to recover somewhat. He would "do nothing hour after hour but moon about and bother her." This is the poor, weak, maudlin being—the novelist considers him "a really manly man"—whom she set herself to humour and pet; reasoning with herself, "If he likes me, I may get some influence over him, so as to make my duty easier." Of all the snares for woman in this world, perhaps there is none more insidious or fatal than that of "duty," especially of a duty which jumps to the same tune as "longings." Everybody knows what is likely to happen when the heroine of a French novel finds herself, or one of her male friends, desperately in want of "sympathy." In our English books "duty" is of almost equally ominous import. The writer of this story holds that two people living under the same roof, and greatly dependent upon one another, cannot remain in a state of indifference—they must take either to loving or hating. But then there are different ways of loving, and the writer unfairly narrows the alternative. She makes her heroine say more than once that to a pure-minded woman another woman's husband can be nothing but an ordinary friend, and that this is so because she will never allow herself to think of him in any other way. It appears, however, that pure-minded sisters-in-law are emancipated from similar restraints. Hannah not only made herself necessary to her brother-in-law in all domestic matters,

but carried her flattery and coaxing even to such a point that she used to read his sermons on the Saturday night. In fact, she regularly flings herself at his head; while he on his part shuts himself up alone with her as much as possible, and shuns all other society. She had already begun to be horrified at the idea of his bringing "a strange woman" into the house as his second wife, and vowed to herself that at least she would never give up the child. Moreover she began to pay more attention to dress—of course from a deep sense of "duty"—and one day, Bernard, who had never done it before, paid her a compliment. He also took notice of her gown, and "something in his eyes made her conscious that he thought her pretty." At first they called each other "Mr. Rivers" and "Aunt Hannah," then "Papa" and "Hannah." It is not, however, till the second volume that he kisses her. While this gradual ripening of mutual passion was going on, it did not escape observation. The rector's own family at the Moat-house—they are depicted as low-minded people and idolaters of propriety—became alarmed, and schemed to get Hannah married to another clergyman who had been deeply smitten by her. But she refused him; and at last the Moat-house was closed to her. A new nurse whom she had engaged turned out to be a deceased wife's sister, who, in ignorance of the law, had married her brother-in-law, a dissipated, violent fellow who one day repudiated her, and then, because she would not return to him, had married another woman, and who finally pursued the poor girl into the rectory. Bernard, interfering to protect the nurse, was assailed by the drunken man with foul language, and accused, before all the servants and Hannah herself, of indulging a tender regard for his own sister-in-law which disqualified him from preaching to other people on the subject. After this explosion Bernard quitted home for a week or two, and when he came back they tried to resume their life on its old footing. Even after they had confessed their love for each other, they saw no necessity for a separation. They looked up the law on the question, deriving their information apparently from the garbled and delusive publications of a certain Association, and put their trust in the Common Serjeant and his Bill. A fine opportunity for stirring descriptive writing has been lost by ignoring Mr. Chambers's convocation of Red Republicans in St. James's Hall. The death of Sir Austin, Bernard's father, had led to a kind of reconciliation with the people at the Moat-house, but on the evening after the funeral Lady Rivers found the lovers hugging in the library, "yielding to present joy and future hope, absorbed in one another." The absurdly decorous old lady affected to be shocked at such behaviour. In the course of a number of fine speeches in vindication of his passion, Bernard throws all the blame on the law. "The law," he exclaimed, "should not have placed us in such a position." It never occurs to him or to the author that when he and Hannah found that they could not control their feelings, they should have protected themselves by separating. The Bill on which they placed their hopes is thrown out by the House of Lords, and we must do the novelist the justice to say that she refrains from denunciations of the bishops. Bernard faints, and has a fever; Hannah goes to France with Rosa, and has a fever too; and then "the two ghosts" meet, and after some further agony of suspense and irresolution, Bernard—who is now Sir Bernard—marries his sister-in-law in Normandy, and they settle there waiting the passing of the Bill which will legalize their union. It should be mentioned, for it is apparently part of the argument, that one of Bernard's sisters dies heart-broken on account of the flirtations of her husband with her sisters. They would be afraid, she thinks, to flirt if the prospect of marriage were in view.

It will be seen from the account we have given of this story, that it is an ingenious, but decidedly unpleasant, specimen of polemical fiction. It is, in fact, a morbid, illogical, and—though mischief, we are sure, is not meant—a most mischievous book. As an argument in favour of the repeal of the law forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister, it confutes itself. It is for the sake of the neglected infant that Hannah decides to accept the invitation to the rectory, and a piteous picture is drawn of the miserable situation from which she rescues both the poor child and its father; but it is strange that the writer should not perceive that her heroine was able to confer this boon simply because a sister-in-law is held, both by law and social consent, to stand in a different relation to a man from any other unmarried woman not his sister. Legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and you at a blow deprive the children and the widower, in the moment of their greatest need, of the benefit of such motherly and sisterly attentions as Hannah Thelluson was enabled to bestow on Rosie and her unhappy father. If aunts are to be eligible as wives they will at once become ineligible as housekeepers for brothers-in-law. It is known that cases occur in which the close domestic relationship established between a brother-in-law and sister-in-law results in a more ardent passion than that of brotherly and sisterly affection. The amorous pair have, however, when this happens, or when they perceive that it is likely to happen, an obvious remedy in their own hands, and that is to break off an intimacy which has become dangerous and incapable of being maintained on its legitimate footing. The most monstrous feature of the agitation against the law is the blindly selfish assumption that all the social advantages of the present state of things ought to be swept away in order that a few weak and morbid persons may indulge their passions without restraint. Apart from the absurdity and futility of the writer's argument, the moral atmosphere of the story is unwholesome—we do not

mean unwholesome as French novels are apt to be, with their psychologico-physiologico-chemical analysis of humanity in its more depraved aspects. *Hannah* is a purely psychological study, but the sentiment with which it is saturated is sickly and extravagant, and the moral which it inculcates—the supremacy of mere emotional impulses over law and social order—is false and debilitating. "Why should we bear it," asks Bernard, "when our consciences are satisfied, when the merest legal form stands between us and our happiness?" "The law," he exclaims on another occasion, "was made for fools or sinners." It will be observed that arguments like these are dangerously applicable to all breaches of the marriage law, and have a wider range than, we presume, the writer imagined. Her theme is especially unsuited for romantic treatment; it should be argued soberly and coldly, with a scrupulous adherence to facts, and a serious appreciation of the varied, complex, and difficult aspects of the whole question. The suggestions of this book are a cruel and wanton injury to the many good, pure-minded women who are now taking care of the families of widowed brothers-in-law, and whose position it is the tendency, if not the intention, of such writing to render untenable. From every point of view *Hannah* is a melancholy and inexcusable mistake.

MISS METEYARD'S GROUP OF ENGLISHMEN.*

SO much praise was justly due to Miss Eliza Meteyard for her carefully compiled and well digested *Life of Josiah Wedgwood*, that we are loth to see her coming forward with a sequel, or second instalment, which in nowise keeps up the reputation acquired by the former work. Having a good deal of spare material left on her hands, and having contracted a lively interest in all that appertained to the remarkable subject of her memoir, it was doubtless difficult for her to hold her hand from following up what had been for years a labour of love; not being sufficiently heedful of the fact that the main interest of the story was already in great measure exhausted. The history of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends could scarcely be worked up with anything like the effect of that of the founder of the house and prime mover in one of the greatest developments of art in England. With the view to elude her materials, or to grasp at wider elements of variety and attractiveness, she has gone so far afield as at times to lose well nigh the thread of continuity altogether. So much of the book is taken up with isolated and fragmentary sketches of persons who were in many cases far from remarkable that, the series having once begun, we only wonder at its ever coming to an end. The mere circumstance of their having been friends to Wedgwood's sons forms but a slight link of interest, while the multitude of details perpetually crowding upon us, as now one, now another passes across our view, baffles us in the attempt to retain anything like a mental unity throughout. Rather than a group, we might, in our bewilderment, call the multitudinous company a rabble.

With the exception of the youngest, Wedgwood's sons were, by Miss Meteyard's candid allowance, but ordinary men. Neither by dint of native powers nor by the aids of education were they in any way remarkable. A great business and an honoured name came to them as a birthright. A wide circle of friends had been drawn towards a centre where artistic culture joined with generosity and kindness of nature to form a powerful social attraction. Yet with the withdrawal of the master mind the disintegration of this peculiar society began. From the elder Wedgwood's death the prosperity of the English Etruria declined. The energy and taste to which it owed its creation had passed away. The ablest son, the victim of hypochondriacal disease and the consequent restlessness of spirit, was driven to seek relief in constant change of scene and varied companionship. The eldest seems to have been nobody. The second, fired with the ambition of appearing as the landlord and country squire, purchased a great estate in Dorsetshire. After their father's death their visits to and residence in the metropolis drew them gradually more and more away from the original seat of manufacture in Staffordshire. The London warehouse and show-rooms had been removed since the close of the year 1796 from Greek Street, Soho, to York Street, St. James's Square; and this became the central spot where a group of able Englishmen gathered, in Miss Meteyard's phrase, round the lesser and fading light of Thomas Wedgwood and his brothers, Josiah and John. Among this remarkable group were Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, Basil Montague, Francis Horner, Henry Brougham, Francis Wingham, Thomas Campbell, and John Stuart of the *Courier*. With Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dr. Beddoes, and Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey, the Wedgwoods maintained a friendship still more dear and intimate. Of these and minor celebrities without number Miss Meteyard has many things to tell us; some familiar enough already, some which throw new and important light upon characters or incidents hitherto but partially known. The result is a kind of literary patchwork, lacking the unity of an organic design. We are taken once more over much of the ground traversed in the *Life of Wedgwood*. Thus we get in greater detail the discovery of the books and papers, extending over more than seventy years, which formed a perfect record of the transactions of the firm. Having been

sold at the breaking up of Etruria, at the death of the younger Josiah Wedgwood in 1843, these documents came by the merest chance to the knowledge of Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, who, appreciating the richness of the prize, became the purchaser of the whole series. In spite of great gaps here and there, these papers, amounting to thousands, have proved of immense value as throwing light upon the origin and progress of a great industry. They furnished the larger and most authentic portion of Miss Meteyard's *Life of Wedgwood*, and she has drawn no less largely from their contents for the compilation of the volume before us. Nor is this important mine of information yet by any means exhausted. Miss Meteyard indulges in the vision of some future history of British commerce on no partial or empirical plan, but after some such design and manner as Sir Erskine May's *Constitutional History of England*, to which the foreign letters of this series will yield much general and useful details of tariffs, freights, duties, convoys, and other analogous subjects. Everything which might be considered of a private character has, we are told, been carefully suppressed. Yet somewhat of a dispensing power has been freely used in the exercise of this rule, as will appear from the extracts relating to private and delicate dealings between the munificent partners in the firm, and the many eminent yet needy friends the lamp of whose genius was fed by their judicious and tender care. In addition to these records, and further documents furnished by the family archives or the aid of friends, Miss Meteyard has been able in some particulars to draw upon recollections of her own. Her sketch of the Shrewsbury doctors is taken from life. Foremost among these is Dr. R. W. Darwin, the youngest son of the distinguished author of the *Zoonomia*, and father of the still more distinguished naturalist of our day. A fellow-student in French and chemistry with the young Wedgwoods at Etruria in the year 1780, Dr. R. W. Darwin, having finished his medical course at Edinburgh and Leyden, settled at Shrewsbury in practice in 1786, and ten years later married the eldest daughter of the founder of the family. Some of the choicest of Wedgwood were found its way into his large and tasteful collection. We are glad of all the anecdotes and traits with which our author supplies us of his strongly marked character; his portly form nowhere seen to so much advantage as in his invariable yellow chaise, which was as much a feature of the town in the eyes of every man, woman, and child or the stranger within its gates, as the river, the abbey, the schools, or even the rival lion of the place, Samuel Butler, the mighty schoolmaster. Nowhere can the advocates of hereditary genius point to a line of evidence more significant or potent than that which is supplied by three generations of the family of the Darwins. Nor is Mr. Buckle's parallel theory of what all great men owe to the influence of a remarkable mother without support from what we learn of the high qualities of intellect and character brought into the family of the Darwins by an ingraft from the Wedgwood stock.

Wedgwood's characteristic energy was employed in bringing up his sons, after one or two ineffective experiments in school education, under his own eye, and in the spirit of what he was wont to call his eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not be idle." Much discussion occupied the friendly circle of Etruria upon the respective merits of a classical and industrial method of training; his friend Thomas Bentley urging the cause of Latin, and even Greek, against the utilitarian preference of Wedgwood and Darwin for modern languages, science, and business pursuits. Meanwhile a young French prisoner, M. Potet, of considerable parts, was engaged as tutor to the boys with signal success. Bentley's sudden death having removed the advocacy which had almost, as Wedgwood allowed, overturned his own plan in favour of Greek, we next hear of the two eldest youths at Edinburgh University, deep in mathematics; John, the eldest, having been for a short interval sent to school at Warrington, until the collapse of Priestley's once-famed Academy in 1786, when he returned for another year to Edinburgh, and thence was sent to Rome. It was the father's idea that his younger son Thomas should also go to Rome for the prosecution of his studies in art, but the plan was set aside by the united counsels of his brother John and of Webber, the modeller from Etruria, a fellow-student with him in Rome. The tastes of the younger son led him in the direction of natural science and experimentation, in particular to the study of chemistry and the phenomena of heat and light. In these pursuits he was much encouraged and directed by the visit of Professor Leslie of Edinburgh to Etruria in 1790. As early as his sixteenth year we find him sending to London for a copy of Newton's *Optics*, and before he was twenty giving orders for philosophical instruments and materials from Birmingham. A correspondence with Priestley at the same time shows the course which he was pursuing, resulting in the publication in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1792 of two papers on the "Production of Light from Different Bodies." From these experiments sprang without doubt the original invention of heliotype, or fixing impressions of whatever kind from the sun's rays. The right of Thomas Wedgwood to the priority of this discovery, made good in Miss Meteyard's life of his father, has been more fully vindicated in the present volume. Of the earliest heliotypes extant, taken at Etruria 1791-3, one, a breakfast-table scene, was given in the *Life of Wedgwood*. The second and more decisive is engraved as the frontispiece to the present volume, obtained from an undoubted source by Mr. Mayer. It is obviously a sun copy, fixed in the camera—a "silver picture," in Wedgwood's own words—from an ordinary book engraving, the crosshatching of the graver's tool being distinctly visible. The subject is a Savoyard

* *A Group of Englishmen (1795 to 1815): being Records of the Younger Wedgwoods and their Friends, &c.* By Eliza Meteyard, Author of the "Life of Wedgwood," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

bag-piper. In ascribing the original to Teniers, "or one of his school," Mr. Mayer might with safety have been still more definite. The face, cap, and feather are in fact identical with those of the "Surprise," one of the recent National Gallery purchases from Sir R. Peel's collection. A paper published in the Journals of the Royal Institution, June 1802, contains an account of the "Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of making Profiles by the agency of Light upon the Nitrate of Silver, invented by Thomas Wedgwood, Esq., with Observations by H. Davy." It is not at all improbable, his biographer thinks, that, so far as concerns copying paintings upon glass, Thomas Wedgwood may have derived many hints from his father, whose old friend, Matthew Turner, the Liverpool surgeon, had expended much time and chemical knowledge on the application of colour to glass. He was also aware of the experiments of Scheele and Tenebrier upon the action of the sun's rays on the muriate of silver. But beyond this the discovery, however tentative and imperfect as yet, was indisputably his own. Miss Meteyard's facts entirely dispose of any claim on the part of Dominique Daguerre, who had been connected with the elder Wedgwood as agent in Paris, and had frequently visited the works both at Etruria and London. He was by this time dead. It is far from improbable, however, that from hints or recollections acquired whilst accompanying his father in 1791 and 1793, the younger Daguerre worked out the improvements which he announced in 1824, applying iodine to plates of copper coated with silver, the iodine being decomposed by the action of light. Unhappily for the earlier prosecution of the development of this beautiful art, as well as for Thomas Wedgwood's fame in connexion with it, the total break-up of his naturally delicate constitution was followed by his sudden death from paralysis July 10, 1805. A series of papers embodying his philosophical speculations or discoveries was entrusted to the hands of his friend Mackintosh for arrangement and publication, to be accompanied by a memoir, which should have had the effect of setting his remarkable gifts and noteworthy discoveries in their true light before the public eye. The loss or suppression of these valuable materials reflects grave discredit, Miss Meteyard is right in saying, upon Mackintosh, as well as upon Coleridge and Leslie, who were concerned in the negotiation, and who had largely benefited by their deceased friend's bounty. All that we are apparently destined to see of his literary remains is the fragment appended to the volume before us "on the origin of our notion of distance." If there is no great amount of force in this attempt to replace the Berkeleyan theory of optical distance by the more objective ideas of Reid, of whom Thomas Wedgwood was an ardent admirer, it may be that his forte lay rather in the line of those processes of physical experimentation in which he was the pioneer of a whole department of workers. The details of his short life of useful and generous labour, carried on amid distressing weakness or grievous suffering, would, with somewhat more artistic skill in the arrangement and recounting of them, have made up a biographical picture second to few in interest or instructiveness. By his side the life of his brother Josiah, who survived him nearly forty years, seems comparatively tame and uneventful. It depends for its interest almost entirely upon its points of contact with the lives of men of greater note, whom his genial habits brought together, or to whom his liberal hand was ever open. Whatever faults we have had to complain of in our author's literary employment of her materials, we feel that our thanks are due to her for the amount of fresh, if desultory, notices which she has brought together of an unquestionably remarkable group of Englishmen.

SAMPLES OF CLASSIC CULTURE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the interested predictions of utilitarian educationists, the old tree is a long time in dying, nay, in betraying any moribund symptoms. Every season shows fresh tokens of the vitality of the stem, and the reparative force of its branches. Every day some new witness is borne to the vigour of its past, and to the faith which those who know it by experience have in its future. Quite recently a member of Parliament attributed the slipshod speeches of the present House of Commons to the large leaven of unclassically educated men in its composition. If the fact is ascertained, the result may be taken as one consequence of lowering the franchise, but it does not follow that classical learning is in its decadence because men who have it not have succeeded in finding seats in Parliament. In our schools it is re-asserting its supremacy, the "ologies" and modern languages being remitted to class-rooms and modern divisions; in our scholars it is continually bearing fruit of various excellence, whether in solid commentaries and editions of ancient authors, or in lighter productions of an imitative kind. Three diverse samples of the latter class, which lie before us as we write, may illustrate the varied shapes which a love of the classics assumes in the afterwork of the initiated, and may serve to distinguish the degrees of excellence in the several types of classical reproduction.

On the principle of working upwards, we begin with what may

* *Versiculi aliquot Latini.* By W. Almack, of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons. 1871.

Pericula Urbis, and other Exercises in Latin, Greek, and English Verse. By W. Moore, M.A., late Scholar of New College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

A Fragment of the Jason Legend. By Henry Hayman, D.D., Head-Master of Rugby. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1871.

be reckoned the lowest type, as exemplified by Mr. Almack's "Versicles"; not that, in doing so, any slight or slur is meant to be cast upon the exercise of turning English verse into Latin, but that where this is the only reproduction, the offshoot ought to be of prime excellence to deserve special notice. This can hardly be said of Mr. Almack's elegiacs and occasional lyrics, which, though respectable, are neither brilliant nor strikingly elegant, and which evince rather his fondness for the Latin muse than her reciprocity of his regard. They teem with doubtful usage of words; e.g., in p. 9 the line

Till I have looked and loved my last
is rendered

Donec
Supremum intuitu fugerit omnis amor.

We have failed to find this participle in Ovid, Virgil, Catullus, Tibullus, or Propertius, and, had it been found, it would probably have had a case after it. A more positive solecism is that which occurs in p. 11, where "the halls my fathers reared" is rendered "ea tecta majoribus edita nostris," as if "edita" could stand in such collocation for "quæ edita sunt." Worse still is the misuse of the words "unus et alter" in the following couplet, which is from a translation of a beautiful and familiar poem of Longfellow:—

And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.
Continuo e thalamo nuper quem intraverat unus
Nuntius, ad superos unus et alter abiit.

It is plain that Mr. Almack means the words we have italicized to represent two indefinitely, but he ought to know that they stand, in good Latin, either definitely for the one and the other, or indefinitely for "one or two," "two or three," which is the commoner use. Neither of these senses, however, would be consistent with this passage. We should like vastly to know, too, how to reconcile with the original the second line of his version of "We met," as given underneath its English:—

And I thought he would shun me.
Et me spreturum rebar adesse virum.

If it has any sense, it seems to be "and I thought the man was come there to cut me," which goes further than Haynes Bailey. Unpleasant elisions at the close of an hexameter, such as "optima habebam," "fastique sine ullo"; doubtful sequences of tense, and of contractions, such as "servare" for "servavere," as well as considerable carelessness of punctuation, mar effectually whatever pleasure might be gathered from Mr. Almack's "Versiculi," beyond the evidence they afford of a love of elegiac writing derived from a source which he can afford to revisit again and again with advantage.

In Mr. Moore's volume we welcome a much wider and more liberal vein of imitative poetry; indeed, he indulges us with three or four distinct veins, all followed up with greater or less success. His *pièce de résistance* is a kind of "Juvenalian Satire," descriptive of the snares and perils of his Alma Mater, Oxford, as well as, in passing, of the humours and eccentricities of visitors and undergraduates at Commemoration. Written before the apparition in the theatre of the "man in the red tie," it has a warning by which that gentleman might have profited, in parity of reasoning, against "white hats":—

Area si quando te cepit ipsa Theatri
Ne toga, ne summo quamvis textore galerus
Albescat, peregrine; color deterrimus albo est.
Multi candentis damnati crimine vestis
Explosi didicere loci non temere divos.

Written, too, in a tongue not yet "understood" by the fair damsels whose bevvies so disorganize Oxford in the summer term, it chafes them without fear of punishment, in lively and classical hexameters of which our limits forbid us to quote more than a mere taste:—

Tempore non alio, matre inducente, leana
Acrior erravit vicis: per templa, per hortos,
Per loca adorande roborinis usque vagandum est,
Partesque assidui nomenclatoris agenda,
Insatiabilibus si vis placuisse puellis.

Illa tamen raptat, nondum satianda, per orbem
Consortem juvenem, nec custos addita mater
Multum quæstâ potest retinere, nec optimus ille
Progenitor toto profans jam pectore somnum.

In the other original poems, Latin and English, Mr. Moore's volume breathes the same spirit of well-remembered classical reading, as will be admitted by such as take the trouble to peruse his prize poem for 1864, "Furculæ Caudinæ," and his English octosyllabics on Nicias, suggested by the Seventh Book of Thucydides. Mr. Moore appears to have, bee-like, sucked with equal discrimination and industry the choicest flowers of classical literature, and to have imbibed with profit the flavour of its sweets. He is far better, as well as more diversified, in his translation than Mr. Almack, for he manages not only the Latin elegiac, lyric, and hexameter metres with notable success, but also writes very good Greek iambics and hexameters; which is saying a great deal when it is understood that our experience of him as a maker of the latter is derived from a Doric poem (pp. 54-9), in the manner of Theocritus. The translation of Arthur's charge to the Nuns and departure, from Tennyson's "Guinevere," is an average specimen of the excellence of Mr. Moore's Latin hexameters, and those who read it will agree that his average is above par. But he does not stop at original poetry or classical subjects, or at translation into dead languages. His facility in using ancient tongues

(on paper) with a freedom which is generally limited to the mother-tongue might satisfy Professor Blackie. But he goes beyond this, and places himself in accord with the taste of the immediate present—as regards classical imitation—when he experiments, very happily so far as he goes, on translating Virgil's *Æneid*, and vouchsafes a specimen in a portion of the Fourth Book. We could quote without abatement of praise Dido's first speech to her false lover (p. 125), or, turning to another exercise at translation into English, Mr. Moore's version of one of those prettily descriptive and pictorial epigrams to be found here and there in Martial, which it is a pity some competent scholar does not reproduce in English verse worthy of them (Ep. x. 30); but another and a more original volume than either of those we have noticed remains to be examined, and a few words are necessary to explain in what sense we rank it as a superior sample of classic fruitage to Mr. Moore's ample store or to Mr. Almack's more limited specimens.

As an instrument of cultivation for a tiro, and a pleasing exercise for an "emeritus," one can conceive nothing better or more suitable than imitative translation, and if this be from the dead languages into the living, as well as *vice versa*, its value is proportionately enhanced. Moreover, sustained practice in these exercises imperceptibly imparts finish, accuracy, and nicety to the general style of those who resort to it, and not merely to particular efforts. Dr. Hayman has proved himself long ago a neat and graceful translator of English verse into Greek and Latin, and need not shrink from competition herein with the flower of our modern scholars. But his *Fragment of the Jason Legend* is a flight of higher range, an essay in a field where scholarship tells, albeit indirectly, an exercise of poetic and mental powers which aims at combining inventive with imitative effort. We need scarcely point out how congenial to the taste of the present generation of readers of poetry is the "study from the antique," or repeat the conviction which is felt apparently by our likeliest younger poets, that classic themes, especially those which are not worn threadbare, are most capable of modern treatment, and most likely to win fame for those who handle them, because the model set up is the most refined, the most simple, the most regular-featured and unadorned that can be selected, and because verisimilitude is the next best thing to truth. Dr. Hayman has recognised this not yesterday nor to-day, for portions of this Jason Legend appeared in the *Contemporary* while the neo-classical section of poets was yet a very small one, and before, as far as we can recollect, Mr. William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason* had seen the light. "The last and longest portion was written since, at the request of the then editor, the late lamented Dean of Canterbury"; but the earlier and later parts fall nicely into one sufficiently substantive fragment to make up an intelligible and enjoyable poem, conceived with a fairly free rein to fancy, and yet withal so congenial to ancient spirit, so suggestive here and there of echoes of classical song, that we hail the "Legend" as an earnest of greater and more complete achievements, when Dr. Hayman's tenure of the Head-Mastership of Rugby shall have been long enough to allow him to spare for congenial pursuits such leisure as, in an earlier day, Arnold found for his "Thucydides." Meanwhile it is significant of an even tone of mind and of well-ordered time and powers that he can exhibit any worthy fruit of the classical tree. And this *Fragment* is unmistakably so, as we shall endeavour to show by one or two quotations. But, for the reader's information, we must premise that it consists of three lays by an ancient Master of the Bards, who in the *Prelude* "touches the slumbers of his lute" for the enlightenment of a wedding feast, and at the close of the third is found to have sung his last, and after a supreme effort of melody to have passed away upon the breeze of song. The three lays are "The Thridding the Symplegades"; "Hylas"; and "The Rape of the Golden Fleece"; the last and most recently written taking up more than half of the little volume in which it appears.

The chief feature of the first lay is the spirit of its rhythm; the pluck, and dash, and gallantry of the *Argo's* crew is thrown into the verse, which leaps and jerks with excitement until the Cyanean rocks are passed, and then smoothens, like the sea into which the heroes rowed, into the "holy balm of a windless calm." There is plenty of imagination in the piece, though here, perhaps more than in the other two lays, the account is conformable to that of Apollonius Rhodius. The second poem, "Hylas," is obviously suggested by the beautiful idyl of Theocritus, though here too is perfect freedom of treatment. The masterful figure of Hercules, and fair young Hylas, the darling of the crew, the fruitless search for the ravished boy, and the desertion of the ship by the bereaved hero, with whose grief none might intermeddle, appear in the new and the old alike; but there are added touches, and marked omissions in the former, as well as happy embodiments of slight hints of the original. It is a notable point that the action of the water-nymphs, and the actual catastrophe, which are made so much of by Theocritus, are left to be surmised by the modern poet, who centres the interest in the realized forebodings of Hercules, and the assurance he gains of the boy's fate from the shadow of a voice stealing out of the fountain depths. Of many graceful stanzas in this poem, we select one which forms a part of the lament put by Dr. Hayman into the mouth of the Argonauts:—

Oh lost, ever lost to thy comrades true,
Fair as a maiden and fresh as the dew!
The Naiads who rise in the fountain foam

Wrought with a spell in their crystal well,
And caught thee lulled by sleepy charms
In the woven snare of their milk-white arms.
Thou wakest beneath the water dome,
Far in the river-depths of earth,
Where world-wide streams have central birth,
Where vaulted ripples the sunbeam turn
And Eridanos rolls from his amber urn,
And Tagus hideth his golden head;
On pearly alab and coral bed
Thou risest up to the nectar-cup
From us for ever ravished.

But "The Rape of the Fleece" is Dr. Hayman's most considerable, and perhaps most successful, attempt at remoulding the legend of antiquity. A weirdness befitting the magic land of the fabled granddaughter of the sun invests the changeful scenery of the story, while to the chief actress in it, Medea the sorceress, is imparted a human interest, in the intensity and unselfishness of her love for the hero Jason. The old poets do not analyse feelings so much as express the results of them; they do not tarry over descriptions of the lands their heroes traverse, but rather bring them, with little delay, to the *dénouement*. Here we see the difference of modern treatment. Apollonius, Ovid, and others bring Jason face to face with Æetes before he sees Medea, who is somewhat rashly thrown by the old tyrant in the way of the handsome stranger. But here it is antecedently to the interview with the King that the accident of a startled hare leads Jason to a well-margin, where Medea is pictured as stooping towards the wave and trailing her dewy-beaded tresses in the pool. Led thither by the timid creature, which, like her snakes, is one of the familiars of the sorceress, Jason sees the second half of his fate in her who reads him the first half of it. An atmosphere of magic pervades the whole scene. A second mystic interview takes place before the hero repairs to the palace and braves the scorn and premature self-reliance of Æetes. But in it, as throughout, the human and superhuman are artfully made to work together, and in the feats that follow—the taming of the bulls, the quelling of the serpent, the rape of the Fleece—the element of the true woman's love is seen quite as much in operation as the resolute sorceress's power. Happy and effective use is made by Dr. Hayman of the "aspic girdle," which was, in classic story, the witch's or the Buechante's inseparable adornment. As will be seen in the passage we are about to quote, the knotted serpent was a part, as it were, of Medea's self; and it is a true touch of nature which Dr. Hayman throws into the close of the lay when, in the 70th stanza, he makes Medea, setting sail for Greece and forsaking all for Jason's love, fling her zone of snakes into the wave, and suffer her waist to be girt with the hero's war-belt instead; a token that magic charms were to end, and wifely influences to be depended on henceforward. Had we space we might show from every page the influence of well-stored classical reading on the author's fancy; in the omens which it is Orpheus's task to divine, in the portent of thunder in a calm and cloudless sky, and the like; but the passage which follows must suffice to avouch the good taste, poetic genius, and classically imbued imagination of the Head-Master of Rugby. The extract represents Medea's first appearance:—

Rose she at our footfall's sound,
Rising cast a radiance round.
Purple shot with green and gold
Rippled the maze of her kirtle's fold;
Like stream by windflaws flash'd and cross'd,
Sheny tangles of each in turn
In the other were found and lost,
Then together seemed to burn;
But brighter than all was seen to shine
Through all the form of her limbs divine,
A knotted serpent, lithe and small,
Ring'd her waist symmetrical.
Together their eyes would kindle or melt,
One soul in her and the snake her belt.
In silver seemed to live each scale,
But leaden turn'd if the maid grew pale;
If a blush from brow to bosom roll'd,
The serpent quiver'd in waves of gold.

As she rose with locks bedript—
All a goddess' height and grace
In her stature and her face—
From her hand her pitcher slipt,
Sidelong fell with gorge that bubbled;
Still she gazed with looks untroubled;
Set a queenly foot—for one
Still like pearl in the water shone—
On the urn, caress'd her snake,
Rais'd and kiss'd the timid creature,
Turn'd on us her noble feature,
Flung her damp locks back and spake.

MASTER JOHN BULL.*

MR. ASCOTT R. HOPE has written a great many stories about schools and schoolboys. He tells us in his title-page that he has written *A Book about Boys*, *A Book about Dominies*, *My Schoolboy Friends*, *Stories about Boys*, *Stories of Schoolboy Life*, *Stories of French School Life*, and as many other stories as are included in the "&c." appended to the list. We should have thought that he had worn his subject as threadbare as his young heroes do the sleeves of their jackets. Unfortu-

* *Master John Bull: a Holiday Book for Parents and Schoolmasters.* By Ascott R. Hope. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1872

nately in the course of his reading he has happened to light on a book called *Tristram Shandy*, and he has evidently thought that all that he has already said could be very well said over again from the Shandean point of view. As he himself observes, "Nobody reads Sterne nowadays." Admitting for a moment that this is the case, it was certainly very obliging of Mr. Hope to grope through that recondite work, and, from its laboured conceits bringing forth one or two, so to adapt them as to suit the finer taste of the present age. Not only does he adapt them, but also he adopts them; and so proud indeed is he of them that he does not give his readers the slightest hint that they are none of them the offspring of his own brain. We do not suspect Mr. Hope of the slightest want of candour in this. He himself, we have little doubt, is as much deceived as his readers as to the paternity of his jokes. Commodore Trunnion came at last to believe that Peregrine Pickle was his own son, and George IV., as well as Josh Sedley, was fully convinced that the success at Waterloo was his. We have long suspected Sir John Falstaff of taking a most uncharitable view of Justice Shallow, when he said that "he sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his fancies." No doubt Sir John was for the most part right in his facts. All that could be got out of Master Shallow's brain was certainly an echo; but for the honour of country justices we are willing to believe that he did not himself at all suspect that within his head sound could not originate, but only reverberate. The same liberal construction of motives and actions that we extend to Master Shallow of the fourteenth century we are ready to extend to Mr. Hope of the nineteenth century. He can certainly lay claim to more originality than the Gloucestershire Justice, for long before his discovery of Sterne he had made and published some bookfuls of jokes, whereas there is no evidence to show that Shallow ever sang a tune till he heard the carmen whistle. After all, humour does not wear out, and what is a joke one century must be a joke the next. In Greece there used to be held by night a kind of horse-race, where the riders passed a lighted torch from one to the other. May we not trace something of the same kind in the history of humorous literature? Can we not conceive of Rabelais as passing on the torch to Cervantes, Cervantes to Swift, Swift to Sterne, and Sterne to Mr. Ascott R. Hope? As the parents and schoolmasters for whom he writes never read *Tristram Shandy*, so they do not know how good a joke it is to put the preface some way on in the book, and to give a dedication to some unknown person when not many pages off the end. If it were not for Mr. Hope, they might have gone to their graves without ever enjoying a laugh at the singularity of the practice. But he has condescendingly brought down Sterne's humour to the level of the comprehension of even a schoolmaster, not to say a parent. He has got Sterne to go shares with him in the composition of *Master John Bull*, much in the same way as the Abbess of Andoüillets, in *Tristram Shandy*, got the novice to go shares with her in the formation of naughty words. We fear that he will not, however, be much more successful than they, and that the parents and schoolmasters whom he yokes together will be as slow at understanding as the two mules, and for all this medley of talk will just as much refuse to jog on. Mr. Hope, we observe, though he does not make so much use of him, has also read Fielding—enough at all events to spoil one of his good sayings. He talks of Parson Adams as if he were familiar with that best of country parsons, and yet he is in reality so little acquainted with him, that he tells a story about some "good parson's wife who held that to talk on sacred subjects out of church was little better than blasphemy." Can he really have forgotten the immortal dialogue that took place in the country alehouse between the landlord and Parson Adams? As we shall soon have to give a specimen or two of Mr. Hope's humour, we will first refresh ourselves and our readers by quoting the passage:—"Upon which the host, taking up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding he was for something present." "Why," says Adams very gravely, "do not you believe in another world?" To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist." "And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams. He answered, "God forbid he should not." "And heaven and hell?" said the parson. The host then bid him, "not to profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church."

Mr. Hope has, however, as we have already said, a humour of his own. In his stories for boys he writes down to their level, by giving page after page of silly school gossip, in still sillier school slang, interspersed with the stalest of dog-Latin jokes. In his book for parents and schoolmasters he is no less condescending in lowering his intellect to the level of theirs; but we doubt if his efforts will be quite so highly appreciated, or if his humour will be quite so readily discovered. After all, with increasing years, even one of Mr. Hope's boyish readers would get a surfeit of bad jokes, while the parents and schoolmasters whom he addresses have in all probability long ago got thoroughly satiated with what he calls humour. Mr. Hope is perfectly honest; he puts on his cap and his bells—such as they are—from the very beginning, and in the first sentence of his book shows plainly what sort of entertainment it is that he is going to provide. Our readers shall judge for themselves, and if they like this first page of *Master John Bull*, they can have some 270 more after the same pattern:—

Raspberry jam! If I were capable of making puns, I would remark that, inasmuch as this condiment is commonly administered after pills and potions, any remarks upon it might be considered to partake of the nature of a metaphysical treatise. But such an attempt at obtaining credit under

false pretences would be both undignified and unnecessary, for this sweet name is so dear to the heart of Master John Bull, that in a book about him, and written in his service, I need scarcely make any excuse for placing it at the head of the first paragraph. If the unreflective reader be unable to see any connexion between these words and the ideas suggested to me by them, I cannot help him. It is the prerogative of noble intellects to perceive, as it were in a flash of genius, the connexion between great ideas and small facts almost invisible to the common eye, and to fly unerringly across wide fields of thought, and arrive in an instant at conclusions to which the vulgar mind must plod wearily over some long and beaten path.

Mr. Hope may sneer at the "crass critic with the soul of a stockbroker," and at "his peddling work, done daily to order at so many guineas the paragraph." We remember how once, in our youth, in a country fair, we were rash enough to try to expose a vendor of quack medicines. Of course we were shamefully defeated, and had to beat a retreat under a shower of vulgar abuse. We have had to expose not a few quacks since that time; but, happily, literary offenders are more easily dealt with than their brethren of the market-place. What right has Mr. Hope to taunt men with writing for money when, at the end of his *Master John Bull*, there are given between fifty and sixty extracts from various newspapers in praise of the books he himself has written? If Mr. Hope chooses to avail himself of his own writings to puff himself up "ad nauseum" as, in more than questionable Latin, he calls it, we shall offer no objection. Only let him leave stockbrokers and their souls to rest in peace. And as for criticism, let him learn how not to write foolishly, or, if he cannot bring himself to this, let him bear it with patience. We are quite ready to admit that he has some sensible, if not very original, notions in his head, and that if he could get rid of a great deal of conceit and arrogance, and of all his humour, there might be left something which would benefit some parents and some schoolmasters. It would be advisable for him at the same time to gain a wholesome distrust of the use of metaphors. Like most careless writers and weak reasoners, he is very fond of using them, and, to the utter confusion of his readers, will often join them together in the strangest of fellowships. For instance, in his introductory remarks he compares his writings to a dose of physic which he has to hide in raspberry jam. But in a page or two this dose of physic is turned into "stones from the brook," for which no doubt he makes proper preparation by taking "a bundle of pens and a fresh quire of paper." The imagination is pleasingly excited as we picture to ourselves this instructor of the few millions of parents of the English-speaking races going forth to battle against ignorance, with his bundle of pens and his fresh quire of paper, his stones from the brook, his dose of physic, and his raspberry jam. Mr. Hope may possibly object that it is not at all events in the same page, but only in the same chapter, that he uses these somewhat inconsistent means of warring against ignorance. What would he say to the following extract?—

For years, certain currents of knowledge flowed over me and could not but soak in to the depth of some half-inch or so, but it was only at intervals that any teacher made a fortuitous dibble in my mind, and deposited safely some fact, or the germ of some reflection, that might in due time bear fruit a hundredfold. These sowers scattered abroad too much so far as I am concerned, and took too little pains to root up the plentiful crop of weeds that had been planted and nourished by random breezes.

We scarcely know which is the stranger, the field to which Mr. Hope compares himself, or the mode of cultivation which is applied to it. Perhaps in the rice-fields of China there may be found lands which, while under water for years, can yet bear at the same time weeds that are planted and nourished by random breezes. Though how these breezes can plant crops we cannot pretend to say. Seeds may be said to be planted by the wind, but even a hurricane could scarcely plant or transplant a crop. But granting for a moment that there may somewhere in creation be this strange piece of ground for Mr. Hope's mind to resemble, we come to a still greater puzzle in the manner in which it is cultivated. The tree or plant of knowledge is raised in it either by the process of soaking or of dibbling, or by the two combined. But in the next paragraph, while the soaking process is, we presume, still going on, the dibblers have become sowers who scatter seed abroad. Mr. Hope might, with a certain amount of justice, defend his style by a quotation from his newly-discovered author. *Tristram Shandy* says:—"In my opinion, to write a book is, for all the world, like humming a song—he but in tune with yourself, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it." Mr. Hope from the first page to the last does certainly keep in tune with himself. The same redundancy of language, of silly jokes, and of confused metaphors that he exhibits in the beginning, he preserves throughout his work to the end. At times he goes somewhat out of his way to display his ignorance, as when he joins "the Cromwells and Cobbetts" together. Cobbett, he has heard, we suppose, was a publican's son, and Cromwell, as all the histories tell us, was a red-nosed brewer. Both became soldiers, and one was a sergeant and the other a commander-in-chief. Moreover, according to Mr. Hope, they were "the first to mount the breach of progress," whatever that may be, and both belonged to the middle classes. If the present degenerate race cannot boast of its "Cromwells and Cobbetts," it has had at all events its "George Eliot and Charles Dickens," who, according to our author, "have taught us more theology and education than any one priest or schoolmaster of their generation." We wish that, while they were engaged in education, they could have taught Mr. Hope not "to load the mind" of his reader with what he calls "a mass of mental stick-jaw," which, if swallowed down, will certainly have "the effect of reducing him to a state of mental coma."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

"IT is provided," says Goethe, "that the trees shall not grow into the sky." Among impediments to the formidable progress of the Pan-Slavonic movement may be enumerated the like happy dispensation which has interposed two alien nations between the encroaching Russian and his kinsmen on the Lower Danube and the Adriatic. Of these, the Magyar may be trusted to maintain his independence to the last; but the national existence of the Roumanian is a thing of yesterday, and its durability must be tested by time. Under these circumstances it is most desirable, in the common interest of Western Europe, to encourage Roumanian national sentiment to the uttermost; and, as such a feeling is most powerfully reinforced by the pride of ancestry, we would not be too critical in our scrutiny of the family tree. We would piously believe that Prince Charles of Hohenzollern's unruly subjects have dwelt just where they are ever since the time of Trajan, *glebe adscripti, ipsi Romanis Romaniores*. We should seriously deplore the incredulity of Herr Roesler*, who has examined the history and ethnology of Roumania in a series of acute and readable essays, but for the conviction, which he himself shares, that whatever effect his investigations may produce upon the learned world of Germany, they will but confirm, by exasperating, the strength of national sentiment at Bucharest. After all, the point at issue is not one of capital importance. Herr Roesler does not dispute the Latin origin of the inhabitants of the Principalities, but only their direct descent from Trajan's colonists, and their uninterrupted occupation of the country since the Roman conquest. He contends that their original residence was to the south of the Danube, where a considerable proportion of the race is still found, and he explains their present locality as the result of immigration. To establish this point he mainly relies on the almost total absence of any notice of the existence of a Wallachian population to the north of the Danube from the evacuation of Dacia by Aurelian until the early part of the thirteenth century. The withdrawal of Roman authority is of course admitted on all hands; but the Roumanians assert that the colonists remained, Herr Roesler that they removed. Almost the only distinct testimony to the persistence of a Latin element in the country during the period referred to would seem to be that of an anonymous Hungarian chronicler, described as "the notary of King Bela," whose authority, accordingly, Herr Roesler impugns with much vehemence, and possibly some unfairness. He also relies much on two undoubted circumstances—the frequent confusion between the *Dacia Trajana* to the north of the Danube, and the *Dacia Aureliana* to the south of it; and the general application in the Middle Ages of the name "Wallachia" to Thessaly and Macedonia. The practical conclusion from all these reasonings (for in these days one need but scratch the ethnologist to discover the politician) is that the Roumans, being merely recent intruders into the Principalities and Transylvania, have no historical warrant for their pretensions to occupy the entire province as constituted by Trajan, and in particular have no right to oust the Germans and Magyars from the last-mentioned district. Some pertinent instances of the practical inconvenience of their pretensions will be found in the late Mr. Boner's work on Transylvania, and Herr Roesler admits that the expulsion which he deprecates is in danger of being effected, not by dint of sound logic and accurate deductions from historical evidence, but by the more formidable weapon of vastly superior fecundity. Their Genesis threatens to occasion their rivals' Exodus. Whatever may be the rights of this obscure controversy, there can be no question that Herr Roesler has produced an extremely interesting book, which, from the number of collateral points involved in the principal discussion, nearly amounts to a history of the races concerned during the mediæval period. There is a particularly interesting chapter on the ethnological affinities of the Bulgarians, which are determined to be Ugrian. Some curious examples are given of Ugrian words which have found their way into the Roumanian language.

The subject of Dr. Bröcker's† work on the condition of Gaul during the long period of confusion attendant upon the immigration of the barbarians professedly relates to a state of things very similar to that exhibited by Herr Roesler. We say professedly, inasmuch as the author somehow manages to escape from the obscure conflicts of "furious Frank and fiery Hun" to the more congenial region of literature, whither we accompany him with a satisfaction which is only slightly diminished by our inability entirely to comprehend what business we have there. It appears at last that he designs to direct attention to the final triumph of the Western or Indo-Germanic element in Latin literature, in that age principally represented by Gallic writers, over the African and Semitic influences which had been dominant from Apuleius to Augustine. The obliteration of the African school of Latin style and thought was of course due to the Vandal conquest of Carthage. The author's remarks on this subject are preceded by an interesting sketch of the various foreign influences to which Latin—always weak on the side of originality—was exposed during its existence as a living language. The most interesting portion of the strictly historical department of his subject relates to the conflicts of Catholicism and Arianism among the Franks and Goths. The

work, though complete in itself, is intended to form the first volume of a general History of France.

The twenty-fifth volume of Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift** contains, among other matter, an examination of the Florentine historian Villani's account of the Sicilian Vespers; an essay on Wolsey's endeavours to mediate between Charles V. and Francis I., and obtain at the same time the Papal tiara for himself; and a spirited article by Bona Meyer on some recent attempts to construct a philosophy of history. Some works little known in England are noticed, and the positivism of Comte and Buckle, and the mystical theosophy of Bunsen, are impartially subjected to stringent criticism.

Two newspaper Correspondents† during the late war seem to have formed exceedingly different conceptions of their task. Dr. Zehlicke is essentially a military narrator, and troubles himself very little with incidents or speculations beyond the compass of his peculiar department. He is serious, exact, a little dry perhaps, but produces a most favourable impression of his good sense and general trustworthiness. Herr Uhde is a sharpshooter, who goes about picking off and bagging stray items, usually selected for their picturesqueness, or their tendency to flatter or humiliate the national pride of one or other of the combatants. The book is sufficiently entertaining, but would have little value save for the exceptional field on which some of Herr Uhde's experiences were gleaned—Normandy during the winter campaign. The Prussian garrison at Rouen, he says, was frequently so weak that the French might have retaken the city by an advance in force from Havre. He also contrived to make his way into Paris during the armistice which preceded the treaty of peace, and his descriptions of several of the scenes which occurred at this period, such as the revictualing and the elections, are lively in the extreme.

Principles of the Art of War‡ is a selection of aphorisms from some of the principal authorities on the subject, digested under separate headings—such as strategy, tactics, partisan warfare, &c. The compiler, restricting himself to professedly technical sources, omits to refer to such stores of incidental instruction as the Wellington Despatches, the consultation of which would have greatly increased the value of his work. It is amusing to observe that all the authorities especially noted on his title-page are Germans, with the rather important exceptions of Napoleon and Jomini.

Herr Gerber's work on language regarded as an art§, only half of which is as yet before us, is one of those huge aggregates of material out of which treatises really adapted for general use are carved by men of less industry and more judgment. The author is conscious of his prolixity, and his apology is literally that renowned one of having no time to be brief. The first part of this volume is fatiguing and obscure, but the writer becomes interesting and almost entertaining when he comes to dwell on the niceties of style, such as the philosophy of ellipsis. His erudition is evinced by an immense range of pertinent quotations, from the Vedas to Pickwick, and he appears entirely free from crotchettiness.

Dr. Hitzig's essay|| on the ancient Assyrian language is designed to prove its non-Semitic character and its affinity to Sanscrit. The only observation we can venture to offer here on so reconditæ a subject is that the learned author does not seem disposed to stick at trifles in establishing his point. We are sorry to see him laying stress on the "imperfection of the record"—a fact no doubt, but one which may be employed to varnish over the imperfections of theories as well as records, on any subject where it applies.

Herr Trieber¶ is also an innovator. He wishes to prove that the institutions of Sparta were not so unique and original as the later Greek writers have represented them, that the history of Lycurgus is legendary, and that he was most probably a Solar myth. It could not be expected that the Spartan legislator should long escape the fate which in these days overtakes all heroes, from Achilles to Puss-in-Boots. We shall nevertheless continue to believe in him until compelled by the weight of evidence to renounce a favourite theory of our own, that the ancients were possessed of common sense.

MM. Christ and Parankas's edition of the Greek Christian hymn-writers, from Synesius to Photius**, possesses great interest, not so much on account of the pieces themselves, which, at least after the period of Synesius and Gregory, are destitute of poetical merit, as for the very learned dissertation prefixed by the German editor. It is divided into three sections, the first containing an account of the authors, in so far as they are connected with hymnology; the second of the various kinds of sacred poetry employed in the services of the Eastern Church; the third of the extremely obscure subject of Byzantine metre, with

* *Historische Zeitschrift*. Herausgegeben von H. von Sybel. Jahrg. 13. Hft. 2. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Von Weissenburg bis Paris. Kriegs- und Siegeszug der deutschen Heere in Frankreich. 1870-71.* Von Dr. A. Zehlicke. Breslau: Korn. London: Nutt.

‡ *Streifzüge auf dem Kriegsschauplatze. 1870-71.* Von H. Uhde. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

§ *Prinzipien der Kriegskunst.* Von V. S. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Schiffer. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Sprache als Kunst.* Von G. Gerber. Bd. 1. Bromberg: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Sprache und Sprachen Assyriens.* Von Dr. F. Hitzig. Leipzig: Herzel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Forschungen zur Spartanischen Verfassungsgeschichte.* Von C. Trieber. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

** *Anthologia Græca carminum Christianorum.* Adnoverunt W. Christ et M. Parankas. Lipsia: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

* *Römische Studien. Untersuchungen zur älteren Geschichte Römians.* Von Robert Roesler. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Frankreich in den Kämpfen der Romanen, der Germanen und des Christenthums.* Von Dr. L. O. Bröcker. Hamburg: Grünig. London: Williams & Norgate.

musical illustrations. The editors admit the imperfection of their text, from their want of access to the best manuscripts, many of which are in Turkey and Russia. Their erudite illustrations of the subject, however, are of more importance than the most accurate reproduction of a frigid, inanimate, and pedantic original.

The praise of fullness of matter and lucidity of exposition is eminently due to a most admirable compendium of information relative to the Parthenon, by Adolf Michaelis.* The leading features of this excellent work are a detailed yet condensed history of the fortunes of the edifice itself, including ample notices of the accounts and drawings furnished by travellers and architects previously to its destruction by the Venetians, and the subsequent removal of the relics of its sculpture by Lord Elgin; a full description of all fragments extant in the British Museum or elsewhere; and a folio atlas of plates, containing engravings of the whole of these, plans and restorations of the entire fabric, and copies on a reduced scale of the most remarkable drawings executed while the temple was yet comparatively perfect. An appendix contains a mass of archaeological details, including the most material passages from the proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee on the Elgin purchase, and numerous extracts from travellers relating to the condition of the edifice in their time. We must be contented here simply to record the appearance of this most important work, reserving a detailed notice of it for a future occasion.

Overbeck's treatise on Grecian mythology in its æsthetic aspect † promises to be a voluminous work—the first volume, a tome of massive proportions, being solely devoted to the subject in its relation to Zeus. Copious as it is, however, the book does no more than justice to the wealth of material accumulated, and to the great number of collateral inquiries which diverge from the main subject. It is surprising to see what intricacy of detail is involved in the apparent simplicity of Greek art. The artistic ideal of Zeus has to be investigated in its initial stages, in its maturity under Phidias, and in the modifications which it subsequently underwent; its varied expression in statues, busts, coins, gems, masks, vases, has to be examined; and the several deviations from it under special circumstances, as when the Deity is represented in youth or infancy, or in exotic developments such as Ammon or Serapis, must be traced out. Then follow the representations of Zeus in combination with other mythological figures, including the history of his amours, the Gigantomachia, &c. It is no mean praise to say that Herr Overbeck moves with apparent ease under the burden of erudition demanded by his subject, and equally displays the characteristics of the accomplished scholar and of the man of taste.

A cluster of musical publications demands attention. The most remarkable is a collection of the operatic *libretti* and critical essays of Richard Wagner.‡ The first volume, besides a fragment of autobiography and sundry novelettes and polemical brochures of the composer's Paris period, comprises the texts of two operas, *Rienzi* and *The Flying Dutchman*. The first, though sufficiently energetic, contains little that is individually characteristic; the second, with all its reminiscences of *Der Freischütz*, is manifestly the work of a poet and a dramatist endowed with the finest perception of the analogies between emotion and its appropriate metrical expression. The fugitive, though spirited and incisive, essays from the composer's pen in this volume afford no adequate exposition of his musical theories; one feeling, however, pervades even the slightest, and imparts unity to the whole—intense patriotism, involving an impatience of all foreign models, and the resolution to create a strictly national, and, as it were, Gothic style of music. It is easy to perceive how powerfully the influence of works composed in this spirit must have been promoted by recent political events. The same feeling is traceable throughout the comparatively temperate criticisms of Dr. Naumann's, whose notices of the chief German composers, always interesting and agreeably written, are chiefly remarkable as expressions of this spirit of determined national self-assertion. It cannot perhaps be said that Dr. Naumann goes too far, considering the unquestionable superiority of Germany in the department of art of which he treats. Yet the tendency is a dangerous one, and Germans, of all men, should remember that the greatest among their countrymen have been those most distinguished for their cosmopolitanism. C. H. Bitter's "Contributions to the History of Oratorio" § is a work of a more strictly technical character. The larger portion is devoted to Handel, but the writer's admiration for the great master scarcely amounts to enthusiasm. It also contains some interesting notices of comparatively neglected composers, such as Hasse and Graun. It is not brought down to the period of Spohr and Mendelssohn. The late Dr. Lindner's "History of German Songs in the Eighteenth Century" ¶ contains full notices of the composers,

with the music to eighty-three of their pieces. This repertory of forgotten melody would probably well repay examination.

Paul Heyse's poetry * is emphatically the poetry of culture. It manifests wide reading, delicate taste, a quick eye for the picturesque sides of life and nature, perfect insight into the secrets of structure and of style—everything but that direct glow of immediate inspiration which is the one essential condition of vitality in poetry. If we could leave every side of Goethe's marvellous mind but the æsthetic out of sight, then Herr Heyse might be pronounced a miniature Goethe, as Thiers has been called a little Napoleon. What Goethe achieves greatly on a large scale, Heyse performs creditably on a small one. In the novelette, where the least approach to excess or verbosity is fatal, this restricted scope of his efforts and his powers has stood him in good stead. In his poetry we are painfully aware of the incessant limitation. It is irksome to feel that we shall never be delighted or astonished, only gratified to a reasonable and moderate extent. Mediocrity of this elegant and cultivated character is inevitably associated with dilettantism, evinced here in the great variety of styles attempted by our author. "A little of everything, and not too much of anything," is apparently his motto; he takes up a subject and lays it down again, as a connoisseur trifles with a print or a China jar. He has been young, and "juvenile poems" are *de rigueur*; he has travelled in Italy, and his impressions must be recorded in verse; his attachments must be attested by a cycle of love poems; his wisdom by aphorisms in the style of Goethe and Rückert; his personal friendships by poems addressed to their objects; his literary attainments by translations from the chief European languages; and a department still remains for poems not comprehensible under any of these sections. The volume is a pregnant instance of how much culture can effect—and how little.

A far more genuine breath of poetry inspires an anonymous little volume, "The New Tannhäuser" †, which would have been a remarkable work if Heine had never written. Yet, although the influence of the greater poet is unmistakable, there is sufficient independence in the lesser to win and perpetuate a name. This is partly due to real originality of feeling, but partly also to the presence of a new and potent element not existing in Heine. What Hegel was to Heine, Schopenhauer is to our anonymous author; indeed more, for while Heine's want of moral earnestness impeded his thorough acceptance of any system of thought, the gloomy and icy, but imposing, doctrine of Schopenhauer has captivated the author of "The New Tannhäuser," and perhaps the finest poem of the book is dedicated to the philosopher's memory. The general scope of this cycle of lyrics is easily surmised from the title. It is the old story of the excessive pursuit of pleasure, whether intellectual or sensuous, resulting in satiety and despair. The truth of the picture is undeniable; the only criticism to which it seems exposed is that the modern pilgrim to the Hill of Venus is after all less of a Tannhäuser than of a Faust. The hero of the mediæval legend had not learned to think, his sins were not sins of the intellect. Had the faintest suspicion of heresy infected him, the Pope's staff, we may be certain, would never have been allowed to bloom. But the modern Tannhäuser is far more of a sceptic than of a sensualist; even the glowing strains in which his earthly passions are described frequently appear, as in the case of the Persian Sufis, the half-transparent veil of a purely intellectual license. Which way the writer's own sympathies incline it is difficult to say. A series of brilliant and spirited lyrics, only too like Heine in style, by turns exulting and desponding, passionate and descriptive, earnest and humorous, is terminated by a very remarkable poem introducing the familiar figures of Faust, Helena, and the Wandering Jew. Faust, at the height of his sensual enjoyment and intellectual pride, summons the immortal wanderer to bestow upon him the elixir of life, but receives instead a withering homily on the vanity of all things earthly, and an admonition to betake himself to a convent and do penance for his sins:—

Faust aber steigt zurück in seinen Keller:
"Wacht auf, ihr Schläfer, es wird hell und heller;
Nach Wittenberg will ich allein heut fahren,
Du, Helena, gehst nicht mit den Scholaren,
Auch nicht mit mir, du magst im Hirschen bleiben,
Wenn ich dich wieder brauche, will ich schreiben."
—Und Helena vor seinem Anblick graust,
Die Grimmsche Gasse geht der Doktor Faust,
Herbstmorgenwind bläst durch das Thor so kalt,
Und er verliert sich langsam in den Wald.

* *Gesammelte Werke*. Von Paul Heyse. Bd. 1. Gedichte. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Neue Tannhäuser*. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

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* *Der Parthenon*. Von Adolf Michaelis. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Griechische Kunstmythologie*. Von J. Overbeck. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*. Von Richard Wagner. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Fritzsche. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Deutsche Tondichter, von Sebastian Bach bis auf die Gegenwart*. Vorträge. Von Dr. Emil Naumann. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Oratoriums*. Von C. H. Bitter. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Geschichte des deutschen Liedes im XVIII. Jahrhundert*. Von E. O. Lindner. Nachgelassenes Werk. Herausgegeben von L. Erk. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

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